

TECHNOLOGY: CONVERGING ON YOUR LIVING ROOM

# Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

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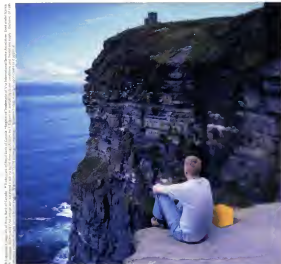
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# This Week

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**Macleans**  
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## DEPARTMENTS

4 Editorial

6 Letters

10 Overruns/Passages

14 The Week that Was

16 Canada

20 History

Long ignored, the graves of most Canadian *guyot* men are being given their due.

22 Cover

30 Canada and the World  
After years of persecutions, a handful of Afghan refugees find a haven in Canada.

33 People

34 Business

37 Tech Explorer

A legendary of man gets a charge out of a new kind of battery.

39 Life

Caving in the Rocky Mountains is an underground activity in more ways than one.

42 Music

Old-time music is sounding everywhere this summer

44 Films

47 Entertainment Notes

Canada's Urban Music Awards celebrate a booming new genre

## COLUMNS

38 Donald Cox

46 Ann Dowsett Johnston

48 Allan Fotheringham

Guest: Elizabeth Taylor and a by Lefty King

COVER: A photograph of a man in a yellow jacket, looking down at a small object in his hands. The man is wearing a yellow jacket and a yellow hat. The background is dark and blurry.



## COVER 22 REEFER MADNESS

Dope, Grass, Pot, Ganja, Mary Jane... Weed. Whatever you call it, does it make sense to tax marijuana users like common criminals? Many Canadians say no, that it's time to legalize pot—sentiments that are particularly strong in the vocal cannabis culture of British Columbia

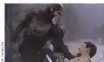


## 16 THE LAST WHISTLE

For 200 years, coal was king on Cape Breton. But this fall, the last underground coal mine on the Nova Scotia island will close. With it, a hardworking way of life will disappear—and a dying breed of men will be left wondering what the future holds.

## 34 CONVERGING ON YOUR LIVING ROOM

The race is on to bring the Internet, television and telephone service into your home on one network, using one bill. As phone and cable companies battle, Marcel Labrun of New Brunswick's MapeTV thinks his micro-based firm has the world-beating answer.



## 44 FURIOUS GEORGE

Tina Turner's remake of *Planet of the Apes*, which often flows into hours of knockout visuals, will be this summer's memorable blockbuster, but the quirky, poignant *Ghost World* offers much more satisfying fun.



# From the Editor

## The biz of journalism, and vice versa

More years ago than he cares to remember, a young guy named Donald Coxe had a summer job that helped pay for his sophomore year at the University of Toronto. The work involved stuffing Christmas notices into subscription bills to be sent to faithful *Maclean's* readers. Looking back, Coxe still takes pride in realizing that he "was considered one of the finest staffers in the subscription department."

Of all the chores to face that someone might choose to make, that—at least in this case—is one of the most unusual. Consider some things Don has done and become since then: lawyer, portfolio strategist twice ranked as the best at his business in Canada, Wall Street investment adviser, and—since 1993—CEO of Chicago-based Harris Investment Management Inc., which is owned by the Bank of Montreal. But there's a specific reason why Coxe recalls that link with the magazine, and it places us greatly: this time, he returns to *Maclean's* employ as our new weekly business columnist, focusing on global readers.

As people who follow business news closely know, Coxe is no novice to the task of explaining complex financial issues in a clear, concise manner. He has been a columnist for years with *The Globe and Mail's* Report on Business, and, most recently, the weekend business section of the *National Post*. He's a familiar face on Canadian television shows and on CNBC in the United States, and speaks frequently to audiences across the continent on investment and related topics. He also wrote a highly- and monthly newsletter for business clients. But the columnist he writes for *Maclean's* media inc, he says, close to his heart, be-

cause they keep him in touch with the concerns of readers, and oblige him to look at developing trends in ways that will be useful to a mass audience.

Coxe's move to a regular space in our pages comes at the heels of the recent naming of veteran journalist Benoit Aubin as our new Quebec bureau chief, and the two appointments share a common quality: Both men bring readers a remarkably high level of access to top newsmakers and information in their respective milieus. In the relentless cacophony of a multimedia universe, that quality is increasingly in demand by discerning consumers, but it is also increasingly difficult to verify: if you're going to commit time and energy to reading about a specific topic, you want to know that the person delivering the information is in a position to reliably tell you things you didn't know. Fortunately, newsmakers are always more comfortable speaking frankly if they have confidence in the credibility of the people writing about them. The challenge is to meet those demanding standards. If we do so, there should be many more subscription notices for someone like the younger Coxe to keep mailing in the future—though no one, of course, will be as fast.

*Andy Vick-Little*

response@maclean.ca or comment on *From the Editor*

### NEWSROOM NOTES

#### Weeding it out

*Maclean's* Ottawa Bureau Correspondent Julian Beltrame approached this week's cover story knowing that the issue still needed of, well, reader attention. The marijuana debate has come a long way since an Edmonton magistrate wrote in 1922 that, once adicted, users had only three ways out—"insanity... death... abandonment." Now there is widespread agreement that marijuana is, in fact, an effective solu-

tion. Ottawa has sanctioned an experiment allowing AIDS, cancer and chronically ill patients to use the drug. And the push towards easing restrictions is gaining ground, with fully 47 per cent of Canadians, according to one survey, in favour of outright legislation.

But for now, possession of marijuana remains a criminal offence. Beltrame, who joined the magazine last September after a stint as Ottawa bureau chief for *The Wild Server* Journal and 15 years with Southern News in Winnipeg, Halifax

and Ottawa, notes that the law appears to have done nothing to keep people from using marijuana. In fact, it has cut society in several ways, not to mention giving criminals an easy source of income. In the final analysis, Beltrame says, "There is still a lot of weed

residues around, from the perspective who don't see any health harm associated with the drug, to the 'straight' who refuse to see any discernible benefit from taking up and ingesting heroin into your veins." Time to cut through the smoke.



Beltrame

# RAT RACE



ROWAN ATKINSON JOHN CLEESE WHOOP! GOLDBERG CUBA GOODING JR. SETH GREEN JON LOVITZ BRECKIN MEYER AMY SMART

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS A LASCAR FILM "RAT RACE" AN ATHEMATIC PRODUCTION "RAT RACE" NORMAN ATKINSON JOHN CLEESE WHOOP! GOLDBERG CUBA GOODING JR. SETH GREEN JON LOVITZ BRECKIN MEYER KATHY YOUNG AMY SMART MUSIC BY JOHN POWELL EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BERNIE GREENBERG COSTUME DESIGNER CELIA MORGENTHAU EDITOR TOM LEVINS PRODUCTION DESIGNER EMY FROST DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY THOMAS ADAMSMAN A.C. EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS MICHAEL WINE JAMES JONES PRODUCED BY GARY CUPPER JAMES CUPPER STEVE DANIEL WRITTEN BY ANDY GREENMAN DIRECTED BY JOHN CROWLEY

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## 'Essence of P.E.I.'

**Congratulations on the new *Mailweek*!** You have changed a ho-hum magazine that too often regurgitated weekly events into a fresh and creative alternative to the daily newspapers. However, as the quest for a snappy cover story, there is the danger of over-simplification. I fear the writer of "The selling of P.E.I." (July 23) may have missed the essence of Prince Edward Island that draws tourists beyond the golf courses and the family entertainment area near Cavendish. My cherished memories of our journey to the island last summer include walks along the beaches of the P.E.I. National Park, sweeping vistas of sea, sky and land, fresh fish ready to be cooked in comfortable accommodations and Islanders welcoming us to share their rich cultural and musical traditions. This, along with a charming and vibrant Charlottetown where my daughters were able to find a cyber-café. Too bad you missed all of this.



**As a parent of a child with attention deficit hyperactivity disorder, I was shocked to read the different line of a**

Janine Givens, Toronto

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your cover story on P.E.I. that "today [Anne of Green Gables] would probably be on Ritalin." Just because she was a "quirky" child does not mean she would require medication. Ritalin has helped our son to attend school happily, play soccer successfully and enjoy activities with other children (and their parents) often take for granted. **Merle Kallert, Thunder Bay Ont.**

**The sumo wrestler may have been started at Green Gables, but it wasn't where Lucy Maud was married on July 5, 1911. She was married at New London, more than 10 km down the road, and in a home where Japanese still gather for weddings or reunions of weddings.**

**Rev Clifford Memon, Gormouth N.S.**

## Celebrating scouting

**Congratulations to William Shaw!** The 14-year-old's first-aid training got him an "up" arrow in your Over and Under Achievers section (Overseas, July 23) for using the Maitland anemometer to save a friend choking on candy at a "P.E.I. jamboree." But *Mailweek* failed to mention that this jamboree was in fact the Canadian National Scout Jamboree, bringing together 10,000 youth and 5,000 volunteer leaders and parents from Canada, the United States and as far away as New Zealand to celebrate scouting. As a leader and a parent, it was wonderful to be in an environment where I could send off our scouts and say "Be back at 10:30," and not worry about where they were going or who they were going to meet.

**Rob McDougall, 1st Stouffville Scouts Stouffville, Ont.**

## Three strikes

**I am writing to correct three errors contained in your profile of Nova Scotia Premier John Harris ("Kinrosser ex-**

cite," Canada, July 23). In it you state that "he's cracked a law against Sunday shopping." In fact, the statute that restricts Sunday shopping is a long-standing law that was last amended in 1993. While our government has chosen not to change the existing statute until 2005, it has not brought forward any new law against Sunday shopping. You also state that the premier and Mrs. Harris have two children and three grandchildren, while, in fact, they have three children and two grandchildren. Also in error is the statement that "he took over leadership of the third-place Conservatives in 1995." But later that year, he led them to official Opposition status." In fact, the premier was elected leader of the official Opposition Progressive Conservatives in 1995.

**Robert Balthasar, Press Secretary, Office of the Premier, Halifax**

## Stampede action

**The staid studio shot in the "picaresque" profile of the characters who make the Stampede such an extraordinary spectacle ("Calgary's big show," Canada, July 23) do not portray the Calgary Stampede. The Stampede is the "Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth" for a reason. It is set outdoors, in open spaces, under big Alberta**

## On the other hand

**Gordon Marswood's letter "Best and brightest" (July 23) asserts that "unless there is a cultural upsurge in Canada's academic, governmental and corporate institutions, many individuals who wish to excel in their field will continue to be lured to the United States." Despite being the richest country in the world, the U.S. ranks sixth, compared with Canada's third place, in the UN Human Development Index for 2001, the United States is not a signatory to the UN declaration on the rights of the child; has rejected the Kyoto agreement on climate change; has opposed the Canadian-led campaign to ban landmines; and has refused to participate in talks designed to control the proliferation of small arms. Now, let's see, which country requires a cultural upsurge?**

**Diane Whart, Salspring Island, B.C.**

## THE CONDO WAS A WEDDING GIFT.



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# Overture

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Edited by Shanda Deziel with Amy Cassano

## NICE PLACE FOR A WHITE WEDDING

**T**urkie Scarth has created a business by taking shipboard romance to its logical conclusion: the on-the-water wedding. As founder and president of Royal Pacific Occasions Inc. of Ladner, B.C., Scarth and her staff of 26 will plan 2,000 nautical weddings this year. Contrary to popular myth, the ship's captain doesn't perform the ceremony; nor are weddings conducted at sea, since the marriage must take place where the license is issued. Still, there is lifeboat—and tonight—for romance and wine, whether the ceremony takes place inside or in an outdoor port. One of their most popular packages is the Alaska glacier wedding, which costs \$3,051, plus the cost of the honeymoon cruise. The ship docks at Juneau. Alternatively, after the party a helicopter, which lands about a mile by glacier for a scenic, if chilly, cut ceremony. Though most weddings are small, Scarth and a Holland American liner dined in Vancouver as the setting for a 250 guest ceremony aboard the ship's pool. Although the bride wanted to get down a flock of doves, the captain vetoed the idea, worried about birds



Crucial to Scarth's business is the helicopter, which is a place to get down a flock of doves.

getting caught in the boat's wakeable reef, not to mention unwanted dove droppings. "We ended up releasing butterflies and it was very nice," Scarth says. "I'm sure the couple had a fun, but the bride was very happy."

Next up for Scarth and Chris, her husband of 32 years, is a partnership with Ontario Niagara Falls Commission to host Niagara Falls in a wedding package. "It's the honeymoon capital of the world," says Chris. "We're going to make it the wedding capital, too."

Ken MacQuinn

## OVER AND UNDER ACHIEVERS

### It's my party, I can cry if I want to

**Vancouver** is strikingly beautiful, but Alberta has a G spot. *River-Charles Meernick* happens. *fish* was chance to give him a cultural quest

**Kanawaska:** Tiny, scenic mountain community to host next G-8 Summit, on strength of its isolation. Protesters in Alberta, they called bear bait.

**Vancouver:** G-8 review in *The New York Times*, after British consulting from rates it world's most livable city. *Livable*, unless

you try to take a strikeboard bus to a strikeboard hospital

**Karl-Charles Angell:** *Passer* penitentiary of *diva* Calixto Diaz and *Rend Angell* cries during his over-the-top baptism. It's about the dress, Ma'am

**Ladettes:** Ma Bell caves to protest and kills plan to force 285,000 rotary-dial customers to pay for new longfellow Touch-Tone phone service.

**Hugging politicians:** Feds levy \$4 per cent of fuel-gold spots and cultural dollars on Quebec events. "They, we're alienated, too," cries out of country

**Peer relations:** Quebec and B.C. put out of *equation* payments to poster provinces on pre-nuptial conference agenda. It's the Canadian way—complaining, that is

## DENY, DENY, DENY

"Not only did he not call the show, he hardly has time to watch television."

—Spokesman for **Joe Christie** denies NBC's claim that the Prime Minister is such a fan of *The West Wing*. But he's asked to do a walk-on appearance. *James and James*—the request was made by a junior person at CTV, which broadcasts the show in Canada.



Imagine where could have been

**Tom and Dick** and with the call about her marriage. Last year it was *Paula*. Then, now it's *Sergio*. *Redmond*

—**Anna Rowland**'s first divorce is reported in British newspapers. *the day*, which dated the *British* star and *General Red Wing* were married in *Russia* last month and quoted *Rowland*'s mother as saying: "It was a lovely ceremony I am very happy to be Anna's mother-in-law"

"I do think if anything was going to happen, maybe I would have got the call."

**High Heat**, at a news conference in Rome, Ont., denies the reports that former band mate **George Harrison** is near death



## MOMENTS OF INTIMACY AND KINSHIP

**W**hen friends Anne Bayin and Kim Phuc entered Vanderbilt Hall in New York City's Grand Central Terminal for the opening of the M.L.L.K. (Moments of Intimacy, Laughter and Kinship) photography exhibit last month, they were giggling with excitement. Directly in front of them, standing over-and-a-half metres high, was Bayin's 1995 photograph of Phuc holding her son, Thomas, on his first birthday. "It's as big as the front of my house," says Bayin of

the photo. Bayin's subject, Kim Phuc, is known worldwide from a 1972 photograph in which she, then nine years old, runs naked and screaming from napalm burns outside her Vietnamese village.

Bayin, a Toronto writer and former TV producer, started taking pictures as a hobby in 1995. Her photo of Phuc was chosen from more than 17,000 images to be one of 300 on dis-

to contrast in 1972 photo (below), a joyful Phuc and son are seen in N.E. smother (right)



play. The exhibit—which features 11 other photos by Canadian—runs until Aug. 16 and organizers are currently planning a three-year global tour. Phuc, who runs the Kim Foundation, which helps children affected by war and is an official ambassador of good will for UNESCO, also co-wrote with Bayin the prologue



to *Love*, one of three books being sold in conjunction with the show. "Looking at the moment of my son's Thomas's perfect day," says the 38-year-old mother of two who lives in Anso, Ont., "is a sign to me of hope and love." Making this picture worth a lot more than 1,000 words.

John Lewis

## Designers are a girl's best friend

**I**t's the kind of high-profile celebrity endorsement that most young fashion designers can only dream of: a visit from the Material Girl herself.

That's the reason why the 21-year-old models, light-bling T-shirts and low-cut trousers in high and shiny throughout Europe as well as in Hong Kong, Tokyo, New York City and Los Angeles, and their clothes adorn such stars as *Michelle*, *Leony*, *Kristen* and *Nickie*. *Spice Girl* *Melanie* C. commissioned a wedding dress from them in 1998. This last past, *Madonna* spotted them

launched 35Squared, a 30-piece menswear collection—which created a sensation in Paris.

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mid-spattered jeans at a fashion show and decided to wear them in her video *Don't Tell Me*. "He asked if we could make some suggestions about what to wear on his, and we were so nervous—a better shirt and a No. 1 T-shirt—and she said, 'Go ahead and make them for me.' One thing led to another, and next they were providing the wardrobe for an entire segment of *Madonna's* current *Browned World* tour, creating 15-odd looks for 10 dancers, two backup singers and *Madonna* at their own expense.

"Designers pay her for that kind of exposure," Ben says. But the rewards, he adds, are insurmountable. "It's the bestest, everyone is waiting for the stamp of approval. Now, *Madonna* says we're good—and a lot more people are looking."

David Wright

*Dress and Dress over from Toronto to Milan to Madonna*





Over to You • Deryck Thomson

## A picture-perfect romance

I was hanging up my heavy six force greasers when I first noticed the men photo mounted on the wall beside the hall door. It was a frigid February afternoon in 1942, and it had taken me a good half-hour to walk from where the tinsmith stopped at the foot of Chic des Nèges hill to the front steps of a stately mid-brick house on a quiet cul-de-sac in the Town of Montreal on the outskirts of Dorval. This was a ritual near the parents-and-away-for-Sunday-dinner occasion that was still considered an exceptional privilege to father-son interaction with teenage daughters—see or see us. Whether the parental disapproval was a result of the intrusion of a house-cooked meal at the MacConnells.

Like my own father, James MacConnell had emigrated from Scotland to Canada some 30 years previously. Like at home were hard to come by, even for graduates of an educational system renowned worldwide for its standards of excellence. So when the Canadian tax-subsidized benefit offered a salary of 60 pounds per annum (the 1911 equivalent of \$300), plus free lodging in return for a two-year coventry contract, the young Scots—including both MacConnell and my father—signed up for the journey. The six-day ocean crossing was made in fine style by the menials, who travelled as first-class passengers, courtesy of their new employers. Within a few years of arrival, however, they were on their backs where they had come from, this time to fight for King and country against the Booby Irish. This was supposed to be the "war to end all wars." Of course, it wasn't, which is why I was wearing the uniform of the Royal Canadian Air Force a month away from my 21st birthday, standing in MacConnell's home waiting at the front porch.

I had met his daughter a few weeks previously in a Montreal YMCA gymnasium on the occasion of a tea dance sponsored by the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire—an organization dedicated to the preservation of the British Empire. Closely chaperoned by their mothers, the Daughters' daughters used to hostess for the occasion.

She told her name was Kay and asked would I dance with her. Later, over an omelette in this cup, we agreed to meet when the post office took the next day. One thing led to another, which, by today's standards, didn't amount to very

much. Most of our time together was spent in healthy pursuits: window-shopping up and down Dorchester Street, strolling weekends in the Laurentian mountains in the sanctuary chapel, and the sporadic time had come to meet the folks. And so on this Sunday afternoon with introductions completed, I took a closer look at the men photo. It looked vaguely familiar. Married inside a standard eight-by-ten-inch frame, the picture captured symmetrical signs of adolescent lads arranged on the front steps of a colonnaded building, feet apart, hands in sides and each oriented in horizontally striped jerseys. In white ink across the bottom of the year was a hand-knitted caption: Rugby Union 1906-7/George Henry's School/Edinburgh.

I tapped, "My father attended Hibernia," I said. "He did?" replied MacConnell, pointing to a lad in the second row. "That's me." I scanned the faces and there, right in the middle with a rugby ball tucked in the crook of his right arm, was my father. "That's my dad," for crying out loud! I pointed to him. "Will, will, will," said MacConnell. "How'd that for coincidence?" Key looked at the photo, then to me, back to the photo, then again to me. Her dark eyes were filled with sudden realization: signs in these captions didn't reveal. It may never be known whether it was the photo or my own personality, but, in any event, I passed parental muster.

Several weeks later, my father arrived in Montreal on a business trip, and a rendezvous with MacConnell was arranged at a lounge bar. When I joined them with my off-duty pass, the men photo was lying on a table-top alongside a half-filled dimpled bottle of 34-year-old single-malt Scotch whisky. Not only had they been to the same school at the same time, but they had emigrated from Scotland in the same year under contract to Canadian banks.

I continued to visit MacConnell's home to pass my time with the beautiful young daughter, although it was somewhat difficult with her father peering at the top of the hall stairway and noise wafting every now and then from the middle of their dance room photo. In the end, it was an evening portrait that snuffed our date particular flame. Today, even photos frame the room walls of my family home—all bringing back warm and wonderful memories from times long past.

*Life is a photo by Sir Deryck Thomson to North America, B.C.*



Whether it was the photo or my personality, I passed parental muster

## Overture

### PASSAGES



**Diagnosed:** Bongo, the film star of much films as *George of the Jungle*, *The Ghost and the Darkness* and over 100 commercials, is suffering from lung cancer. Michael Hackenberg, his trainer and director of Ontario's Bowmanville Zoo where Bongo lives, says the lion has only two to four months left. Bongo, born in Nova Scotia, was briefly with the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey circus in the United States before Hackenberg took over his training. The 14-year-old lion has never missed a word he would have parroted his relationship with Hackenberg. But Bongo is now spending his final months with Grull, a four-year-old lioness.

**Baptized:** In a chapel of the Notre Dame Basilica in Montreal, singer Celine Dion and her manager husband, René Angélil, baptized their six-month-old son, René-Charles, before 250 family members and 6 friends. Approximately 1,000 fans and singers lined the aisles to catch a glimpse of Dion and other notable attendees such as rock singer Gino and Montreal Canadiens assistant coach Guy Carbonneau. Like his father before him, René-Charles was baptized as a Greek Melkite Catholic.

**Engaged:** After losing his first wife to breast cancer three years ago, Paul McCartney will marry again. The 59-year-old former Beatle met his 33-year-old fiancée, former swimmer model Heather Mills, at a charity function two years ago—she was selling and for her fiancée, the Heather Mills Trust, which provides funds for victims of war. Mills, born in Newcastle, England, lost her leg below the knee in 1993 after she was run down by a police motorcycle swerving in emergency call at Diana, Princess of Wales' apartment

in Kensington Palace. McCartney and his first wife, accomplished photographer Linda McCartney, late Eastman, were married for 30 years.

**Dead:** Growing up in New Glasgow, N.S., in the early 1900s, Curtis Bear rebelled against the discrimination shown towards blacks. She devoted her life to activism, becoming the province's first black publisher in the 1940s when she and her son, Gilbert, started *The Glens*—a small church bulletin that expanded into a newspaper focused on interracial understanding. Bear, 98, died in her sleep.

**Hired:** Canadian journalist Dick Gordon has been named the new host of the popular nationally syndicated radio talk show, *The Conversation*, aired out of Boston. After 24 years at the CBC, Gordon, 45—who competed unsuccessfully with Hugh Downs to replace Michael Enright as host of *The Morning*—will begin his new position on Oct. 1.

**Diagnosed:** Nobel laureate and former South African president Nelson Mandela has been diagnosed with prostate cancer. The illness is not considered life-threatening and Mandela has begun a seven-week radiation treatment. Mandela, 85, served from the presidency in 1999 but continues to travel regularly and maintain peace efforts.

**Dead:** Eadon Wiley lived most of her 92 years in the Jackson, Miss., home her father built. The Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *The Opium Cigarette* (1972), started her career in newspapers and a radio station. Wiley also worked at a publicity agent for U.S. President Franklin Roosevelt's Works Progress Administration during the Depression. Wiley, suffering pneumonia, died in the Mississippi Baptist Medical Center in Jackson.

**Charged:** Goffs Turner, wife of former prime minister John Turner, drove her minivan into a lamp-post in Kenosha, Ore., and was charged with reckless driving. Turner said she was attempting to grab her dog, whose head was caught in the window and lost control of the vehicle. Neither Turner nor the dog was hurt.

## INTERNET GUIDE

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## VOLCANO ALERT:

Europe's most active volcano, Mount Etna in Sicily, broke through its three-metre walls of rock and ash, hoping to prevent lava from swallowing a string of summer shops and a cable-car base. The lava burst a wooden walkway Friday morning, just hours after it poured over a protective embankment and across a parking lot that had been cleared of cars. The mountain's last major eruption was in 1982.



## DIAL M FOR MAD

It's a weird sort of progress: Bell Canada withdrew its proposal to the CRTC to start charging customers an extra \$2.80 a month for "touch" tone service regardless of what type of phone they have.

The move would have in effect penalized the five per cent of Bell customers—about 285,000 customers in Ontario and Quebec—who still have rotary phones. But when several thousand of these regulators to the federal regulator, Bell backed off. So its consumer activism 1, Mr. Bell.

## Spunking and the law

An Ontario court ordered two fundamenalists to pay \$100,000 in settlement of charges that they violated the federal Access to Information Act by withholding a temporary agreement forbidding the use of corporal punishment. The

children had been in foster care since being forcibly removed from their home in Agincourt, Ont., on July 4 after their parents, from whom the Bible advocates spanking, refused to refrain from using a paddle for disciplinary purposes. The parents will undergo counselling as well as checks by child-welfare workers. Police have yet to determine if criminal charges will be laid.

## A fine for Air Canada

Stock market regulators fined Air Canada \$1 million and sent public companies a strong warning about disclosing information. The securities commissions of Ontario and Quebec each fined the Montreal-based airline \$500,000 in settlement of charges that its officials told a small group of analysts about its losses—than expected—on month-ends—on evening last October, nearly a full day be-

fore the public learned about them. Air Canada's stock sank the next morning. Regulators have threatened campaigns to stamp out what is known as selective disclosure.

## Nicole then and now

Police in Toronto unveiled an age-enhanced photo of Nicole Martin, who vanished at the age of 8 from her mother's penthouse apartment 16 years ago. The portrait, which



She vanished 16 years ago shows how she might appear at 24 years old, was created at the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children in Alexandria, Va. Nicole's mother, Air Martin, and he hopes it will help bring her home information.

tion in a case that, so far, has produced no leads. Nicole was last seen on July 30, 1985.

## Sex in Atlanta

As part of the high-profile case against strip club owner Steve Kaplan, Atlanta Braves outfielder Andrew Jones was called in last week as a witness by the prosecution. Jones, a regular customer at Kaplan's Gold Club in Atlanta, said he was invited to a private party by an employee of the strip club in 1995 or early 1997. He testified that when he arrived at the hotel room he found two women "doing lesbian acts," and that he then had intercourse with them while Kaplan and several other men watched. Prosecutors say Kaplan, who has since moved to New York City, used the sex of sex to attract gay athletes and celebrities to his club while funneling cash from New York's Gambino crime family. He and six others are

## THE JDS DISASTER

A year after JDS's high-tech drilling 105 Uniflex Corp. couldn't work fast enough to deliver orders for its fibre-optic components from such top-tier clients as Nortel Networks Corp. and Lucent Technologies Inc. Now, of course, the entire industry is a financial disaster area, and last week JDS became ground zero. It announced new layoffs of 7,000 people and posted one of the biggest annual losses in corporate history—\$50.56 million (\$1.5 billion) in 1997. JDS came down to earth literally: the blue home company also headquartered in San Jose, Calif., will sell off its three corporate planes. The company's workforce will be down from 16,000, by its latest layoffs of 16,000, and it will close operations in nine cities. But the loss is not as devastating as it looks. The biggest portion was \$45 billion in "good-



will"—the accounting term for the amount paid to buy a company above the value of its assets. JDS will get most of its red ink on its third quarter, ending in record. Both JDS and Nortel, which recently posted a \$13.4-billion quarterly loss, are seeking to get off their books the inflated value of companies they acquired in the intense buy-them-all days of the tech bubble. Since the purchases tended to be in high-priced stock, the impact on cash flow was never very great. JDS chief executive Jani Szucs called the loss "paper money"

charged with, among other things, abstraction, credit card fraud, loan-sharking and prostitution.

## Wahid moves out

Indonesia's former president, Abdurrahman Wahid, gave in to parliament's wishes and made way for his successor, Megawati Sukarnoputri, after a three-day standoff. Wahid, who was dismissed by parliament for alleged incompetence and corruption, had refused to abandon the presidential palace, calling the dismissal illegal. Wahid, 60, who is blind and recently had two strokes, will undergo medical treatment at John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Md. He vowed to return as the country's voice of democracy.

## Death of a queen

She was known as the "Bundit Queen," a gang leader who led India's poor who became a respected member of parliament—only to die in a hail of bullets. Phoolan Devi, a member of the Sunar-pura tribe, was gunned down outside her home in New Delhi by two masked

gunmen who fired in a car. Two days later, police arrested a suspect, Sher Singh Rana, 21, who admitted he and an accomplice shot Devi six times to exact revenge for her involvement in the massacre of 22 upper-caste men in the village of Behrori in 1981, where Devi had been raped. As word of her death spread, her supporters went on a rampage, throwing stones and smashing windows of cars parked outside the house where her body lay belched with flowers in a snowing garden.



After Devi's assassination, her supporters grieved.

## Bad blood

After a two-day legal strike, 11,000 health-care workers in British Columbia returned to their jobs. They now face a lawsuit for suing thousands of medical procedures across the province. The Health Sciences Association, which represents the hospital workers—including X-ray and lab technicians, physiotherapists and social workers—is demanding a 25-per-cent wage increase. Nego-

## A pig's eye

After four years of clinical study, Health Canada has approved the sale of contact lens implants made of pig tissue. The procedure provides an alternative for patients whose eyesight is too poor to qualify them for laser surgery. Unlike laser surgery, which costs as much as \$3,000 an eye, the operation can be reversed. It may also increase the risk of cataracts.

## THAT CARBON-SINKING FEELING

It was hailed as a success—at least, in Bonn, Germany, where 180 countries signed a treaty to reduce greenhouse gas emissions. The agreement, called the Kyoto Protocol, was signed to limit emissions of carbon dioxide, the primary greenhouse gas, appeared to be near death after President George Bush pulled the United States out of the pact in March 2001. Activists who protested Kyoto as a threat to the environment Minister David Anderson, initially supported the U.S. position, saying European leaders were being lenient on the complicated question of so-called carbon sinks—areas of vegetation, such as peatlands or forests, that absorb carbon dioxide, and which are found in Canada. Federal negotiators in Bonn, led by Deputy Prime Minister Jean Charest, argued that Canada should receive credit for the sinks, which would el-

igibility allow the country to produce higher levels of greenhouse gas than originally agreed to at Kyoto. In Bonn, Canadian negotiators were a major counterweight to the European Union's insistence on Canada's credit for the carbon sinks. That compromise will put pressure on Japan, which finally agreed to sign, but pressure on the United States—which produces a quarter of the world's greenhouse gases—is its latest hurdle. Prime Minister Jean Charest said the deal "opens the way" for Parliament to ratify the Kyoto Protocol. And if it does, it will be the first time since 1992 that a major country has agreed to limit its greenhouse gas emissions. It will be the first time since 1992 that a major country has agreed to limit its greenhouse gas emissions. It will be the first time since 1992 that a major country has agreed to limit its greenhouse gas emissions.



# ONE LAST WHISTLE

BY JOHN DEMONT in Point Aconi

The last shift, when it comes sometime in the next couple of months, will likely end the way they always did in the Prince colliery in Point Aconi, N.S.: after eight hours underground, the black-faced men will be bushed. Thank God that's over, some will think. But Cape Breton coal miners don't make a habit of whining. They don't complain about the damp cold that penetrates arthritic joints, for the same reason they're willing to inhale the same coal dust that killed their fathers and grandfathers, and for the same reason they endure the possibility that at any moment a methane gas explosion could send a fireball streaking down the mine shaft: it goes with the job. As does having to grab a sandwich at the coal face for lunch. Or moving their hoes in the open air at the pit, with a piece of newspaper or an empty lunch bag for toilet paper.

They'll climb back into the metal cots that suffer in the day had carried them down the tunnel stretching 300 m below the surface and eight kilometers out under the Atlantic Ocean. Some will make small talk, read or play cards like they always do during the 45-minute ride back. But they'll know this season is different. When they reach the surface, they'll take off their miner's jumps and orange overalls and shower away the grime of the pit one last time. A few may linger to chat with the guys, knowing that the next time they see each other might well be in the 12 lineup. Eventually, though, each of them will clean out his locker and make for the gate. The Prince parking lot will be empty after the last Cape Breton miner leaves. Maybe then, alone in their cars with the mine slo rolling into the distance like a memory, will they have a moment to think back to when they were young and scared of nothing—and wonder how in the world they became middle-aged men frightened of the future.

Who can blame them? It's not just the 300 jobs that will vanish when the Prince colliery shuts down. Prince, located 40 km north of Sydney, is also the island's last working underground coal mine. Omega has ordered it closed no later than this fall. When it does, a 280-year-old industry that has sustained the hard-core region through every kind of up and down disappears. "Coal is the reason our families came here," says Steve Woods, 46, a fifth-generation Cape Breton miner whose great-great-grandfather immigrated to the area from Lancashire, England. "It's who we are, it's our identity." Or at least it was. With coal dead, Cape Breton has lost an organizing principle. Soon, the only miners working on the island will be the guides employed at the Cape Breton Miners' Museum



At shift's end, miners leave the train that brought them down from 300 m underground.

in Glace Bay, there to tell the tourists what it was like when men still went underground. "It's a sad thing to be the last of a dying breed," says Ron Henessey, 48, a third-generation coal miner.

The irony of being laid off at a time when the United States seems hungry for Canadian energy is not lost on Cape Breton's miners. In May, President George W. Bush announced an energy plan that championed using coal to generate America's electricity for decades to come. Bush, moreover, refused to join Canada and 177 other countries last week in signing an accord to limit greenhouse gas emissions to reduce global warming. The deal, which must still be ratified by Parliament, should noxious Canadian coal producers—even those who will only to the domestic market—so long as they continue to develop new technologies to reduce coal's carbon dioxide emissions. But it's unlikely to help a Cape Breton industry searching for a private-sector savior. After scouring the globe, the federal government, after all, couldn't find a buyer for the Cape Breton Development Corp.'s (DEVCO)

Coal will no longer be king when the last mine on Cape Breton closes in the fall. With it goes a way of life.

Billy Ludlow, right, says he never thought he and co-workers like Glenn Wigle would be the last of a faded breed.



Photography by PETER BRIGG



## Miners paid a high price for steady work in a place where jobs are scarce

remaining coal mines. And the potential for a U.S.-led revival hasn't altered Ottawa's decision to get out of the coal business.

So, the miners just had to batten. Many can still quote verbatim the words of the personal barrager who lived there in the early 1970s when an oil-price shock spurred a dramatic expansion of the federal government-owned coal mines. "OK, boys, you've got a job for life now," Bill Desjardins, 47, who had spent 24 years in the pit before he was laid off last December, remembers hearing. "So you can go to the bank and get a car and a house and those of you who aren't married can go and find yourself a wife."

They had no reason to doubt that promise. Coal has been king on the eastern end of Cape Breton since 1720, when French settlers first dug for fuel to supply the fortress of Louisbourg. The more than 100 coal mines that followed populated the region by luring handworking immigrants from Scotland, England, Italy, Poland and other countries. Settlements like Glace Bay, Ligonville, Dominion, Reserve Mines, Sydney Mines—many bearing the same name as the local colliery—sprang up. And generation after generation of families found a hard living in coalfields that at their peak employed 17,000 Cape Bretoners.

Anyone walking through the island's rapped-out mining towns today can see that life here has never been paradise. The rows of

wooden semi-detached duplexes built back to the green days in the early 20th century when miners toiled at interminable days in the big British coal companies that owned the houses, stores and hospitals. In New Waterford, eight stone pillars are carved with the names of some 300 men who have died in the mines from explosions and other accidents since 1866. Nearby, a statue commemorates

miner William Davis, a miner who died after company police opened fire during the infamous strike of 1925—one of many cases in which police or soldiers were brought in to quell labour unrest—and whose memory is honoured each June 11 by a union holiday.

Economics, rather than the big coal companies, led the miners in Coal's importance waned as oil increasingly fuelled the economy. In 1967, when Ottawa took over the money-losing mines from their British owners, 8,300 people were working there. During the next 30 years, the federal government poured \$1.75 billion into DEVED. By 1992, Ottawa had laid off almost 10,000 miners and a plan to sell its Cape Breton coal operations. But after seven years had passed with no where to go, appearing, it closed the Phalen mine, one of the island's last two operating underground coal operations. The final death sentence came in May when the Liberal government announced a bid

given up trying to find a buyer, leaving the remaining 500 workers wondering just what kind of severance package they'll be offered when the Prince mine is finally padlocked. "It's rumble to be discarded to the junk heap once you've outlived your usefulness," declares Thomas Murray, 46, a father of two from New Waterford, who has spent 25 years underground.

A glance at the miners, with their pale faces lit up by darkness, tells the price they've paid for steady work in a place where jobs are scarce. "The pit is the worst hellhole anyone could ever work in," says Clayton Wójcik, 44, a veteran of 23 years. Mining, fingers, turned backs, worn-out knees—never seen to have emerged from the mines entirely in one piece. Everyone, even the nonminers, constantly back and cough, their lungs clogged up decades of mining coal dust. Two water-drinkers, a scarier of 17 years in the pit who also served as the president of the regional district of the United Mine Workers of America, calls them "soldiers returning home from a working-class war."

Cricket life is going to be hard. Some of the laid-off miners have returned to university, college or trade school to retrain. In September, Drake, 45, who has bounced back better than most,



A 1943 photo shows a typical mine party.

Now, the future just looks bleak. Billy Ludlow, a third-generation miner whose father died in an accident underground, was trying not to think about it recently as he sat in one of the old company houses in Glace Bay after a day at the Prince mine. Sipping a soft drink, he wondered about what a 62-year-old man with a "Coke" in his name (one 20 years off the pit) is going to do after the white blow to end the final shift. Going underground as a teeny 19-year-old, he never thought he would be one of the last of Cape Breton's fabled miners. Soon, all he's going to have is a cough, aching joints and a few plaques and photos, a gift hanging on his wall. Says Ludlow: "When my grandchildren ask me what it was like in the pit, I'll say: 'Those were the good old days. That's what I'll tell them.'"

## THE MEN OF THE DEEPS SING ON

For a chorus of working and retired Cape Breton coal miners, the Men of the Deeps have worked. Yes in some pretty hard-fighting places: the workers' halls of China, the mining towns of the Canadian North, union conventions in the American coal fields. But the band—led by Paul Davidson, a former coal miner, who was a union leader—has been around since 1967. In the summer of 1995, after and political activist Vanessa Redgrave was showing a movie in Nova Scotia. At the time, she was also organizing a festival to celebrate the return of refugees to western Canada. Why not, suggested someone on the set, take along the island's chorus of miners? Their presence would be fitting, says Davidson, who is a former coal miner in the town of Glace Bay. He is a former coal miner in the town of Glace Bay. He is a former coal miner in the town of Glace Bay.



The chorus in a recent performance at the Miners' Museum.

the Prince mine's closure stood and sang.

They have that kind of respect on people. "They're singing about their own lives," explains Jack O'Donnell, former professor of music at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, N.S., who has been the chorus's musical director for 28 years. "There's a grandeur and a grandeur in their singing and songs that touches people." The group formed in 1967 at the opening of the Cape Breton Miners' Museum in Glace Bay. In 1967, now performs as many as 75 times a year—sometimes from a small concert hall to the grandest of venues, the Prince mine's closure. The group is made up of 26 active members, the chorus is

about half its former size. O'Donnell says the chorus is still required to have the equivalent of about two years' experience working in the mines. The current crop of singers, who include experienced and a per-sonal accompanist, includes a former union head and his old accompanist, an ex-miner manager, along with a slew of retired miners. So members of the chorus still work at the Prince colliery, Cape Breton's last operating underground coal mine. Once

it closes, their future with the choir is uncertain. Some of them will almost certainly have to leave the area for work, those who find jobs in Cape Breton are unlikely to have as much experience as the Cape Breton Development Corp., which operates Pitco, and gives its members time off to travel to gigs. "Singing with the guys is more important to me than the job," says Jack Bratton, 47, who has spent 23 years in the mines and sings with the chorus. "The day I have to leave this place, that will be the saddest thing for me." And another reason to cover the death of coal in Cape Breton.

J.D.

# BURIED TREASURE

Long neglected, the burial sites of Canada's prime ministers are now being spruced up as national historic sites

For a final resting place, Lester B. Pearson picked an idyllic spot. The rural cemetery in Wakefield, Que., sits on a slope with a sweeping view of the Galt House and Ottawa. The former Liberal prime minister and his wife, Maryon, owned a cottage in the area and decided to be buried there. "It's a lovely site, that's partly why they wanted to be here," says Pearson's son, Geoffrey, now 73, a retired diplomat. Until recently, visitors to the cemetery could easily overlook his father's modest dark grey granite tombstone, tucked away 50 m from the entrance. If they failed to notice the small commemorative tablet near the cemetery entrance, then only by reading the tombstone's simple inscription would they have learned of Pearson's place in history: "Prime Minister of Canada, 1963-1968, Nobel Peace Prize, 1957."

But on July 1, the federal government marked the site in grander fashion. At a modest ceremony, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien remembered his predecessor as a mentor and unveiled a historical plaque that provides more details of Pearson's life and achievements. Elected to Parliament the same year Pearson took office, Chrétien recalled, "Probably, I wouldn't be prime minister today if he had not shown confidence to me when I was a young man."

The Pearson ceremony was part of a two-year-old federal heritage department program to spruce up and commemorate the grave sites of Canada's prime ministers. Five sites have yet to be revamped, and two more ceremonies are scheduled for the fall: Sir John Abbott in Montreal, and Louis St-Laurent in Compton, Que. R. B. Bennett's ceremony will take place next summer in England.

Traditionally, with the rare exception of Pierre Elliott Trudeau, Canadians have buried prime ministers with less pomp than the sendoffs reserved for U.S. presidents. "Burial of Canadian leaders was very much a family matter, not a state matter," says Doug Stewart, a superintendent



Alexander Macdonald's revised monument (left) and Geoffrey Pearson at his father's simple tombstone

dent with Parlo Canada who has helped install four sites. "But the graves were not particularly well marked and, in some cases, had fallen into neglect." In addition to a flag and commemorative plaque to be installed near each prime minister's grave site, the federal program provides for ongoing maintenance. The work is capped off by a public dedication ceremony attended by family members.

The impetus for the program stemmed from the sorry state of Alexander Macdonald's tombstone in Sarnia, Ont., an area he represented in Parliament for more than two decades. Macdonald, Canada's second prime minister, from 1873 to 1878, died in 1892. Although his imposing tombstone had seemed secure from his estate, it had developed cracks and started to tilt. Its sandstone surface was also eroding, when it was brought to the attention of local Liberal MP Roger Gallaway in 1996. "I was quite horrified," he recalls. "You could sit on top of the stone. It was on the fast-track to disintegration." Gallaway publicized the monument's plight and Ottawa agreed to act. With set-up costs of about \$200,000, the program's first order of business was restoring Macdonald's monument.



No Letting Go  
By Geoffrey Pearson

According to Michel Audy, executive secretary of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, there is no shortage of fascination with gravesites. "People travel around the country visiting cemeteries," says Audy, adding, "there's an ongoing interest in the life and times of our prime ministers." The passage of time may make tombstones, but not—as seems—the curiosity of many Canadians.

## Bennett Buried in Wakefield

## No desire to return home

R. B. Bennett—the only prime minister named Canada—was in England, a better man. "He'd had a difficult time and had taken a lot of blame," says historian Michael Bliss. With the help of his friend and fellow New Brunswicker Lord Beaverbrook, he bought a large mansion near Mickleham, 40 km south of London. There, he sought to restore his reputation back home by restoring his prime ministerial efforts to promote Canadian economic union with the mother country as a counterbalance to the growing commercial ties with the United States. But when the Second World War broke out in early September, no-one had time for Canadian politics or the former prime minister. Bennett died of a heart

attack while taking a bath on June 26, 1947—the writer was still nursing when his body found him the next morning—and was buried, at his specific instructions, in the south 1,000-year-old churchyard.

The only prime minister buried outside of Canada



Fifty years later, a New Brunswick MLA launched a campaign to move Bennett's remains to Hopewell Cape, the former prime minister's birthplace. But family members vetoed the idea. Bennett, they said, had chosen England as his resting place, and there he should remain. Now, the province is planning a Bennett museum and interpretative centre in his home town. Meanwhile, Ottawa completed restoration of Bennett's crumbling stone marker last week and will rededicate the British site next summer. Family and a full contingent of Canadian and British government officials will be on hand to honour the man.

Bennett would have liked that.

Nancy Miller in Mickleham

Grass, pot,  
ganja—

whatever you call it,  
it's still a crime to  
smoke it. Is it time  
to relax the country's  
drug laws? Many  
Canadians say yes.

# Reefer MADNESS THE SEQUEL

By JULIAN BELFRAME

**E**MILY MURPHY WAS THE FIRST TO SOUND the alarm. In 1922, the Edmonton magistrate and suffragette was railing against the scourge of drugs. Her sensationalist best-selling book, *The Black Canals*, let loose on the evils of such substances as opium, heroin and "marihuana." Five Canadians had heard of marijuana at the time, fewer still had tried it. Murphy, already famous and popular for her "Jury Canals" books of personal observations, made certain their vivid impressions would be indelible. Stronkers, she quoted a police chief as saying, "become rising miseries and are liable to kill or indulge in any form of violence." Once addicted, she added, there were only three ways out—"inactivity," "death," "abandonment."

Luckwise, certainly, the world knows better now. But at the time, it was enough to convince Parliament to ban cannabis—

marijuana and the most potent variant, hashish—the following year. And nearly 80 years later, Canadians are still living through the bad trip.

On the one hand, prohibition has landed criminal organizations, including Quebec's notorious mafia gangs, a monopoly on perhaps the world's most robust market. Who else could keep a steady stream of illicit cash flowing to the handbags of thousands of Canadians who take regularly, occasionally or, as some politicians euphemistically have it, "experimentally"? On the other, Canada, like other nations, has been forced to divert billions of dollars and countless police man-hours in a vain attempt to smother the supply. Meanwhile, even before being disrupted, thousands imprisoned and many more otherwise law-abiding citizens marked with criminal records. Since 1923, about 800,000 Canadians have been charged with marijuana offences, in most cases simple possession. And despite today's more permissive attitude, police are still hauling people who smoke, sell or grow the weed before the courts—31,503 in 1999, the most recent year on record, two-thirds of them for possession.

Depe. Gran. Pot. Ganga. Mary Jane. Weed. Whatever you call



Prize pot protection in front of the Manitoba legislature (opposite) to federal politicians, the debate over the country's marijuana laws goes on. Police, meanwhile, continue the fight against the drug, making a bid to Detroit and Calgary (next).



use, which would leave the drug on the prohibited list but remove the chance of sending smokers with a criminal record. At the same time, the notion of full legalization with regulation—treating the drug pretty much like alcohol and tobacco—is gaining ground. In a May survey, University of Lethbridge sociologist Reginald Bibby found 47 per cent of Canadians in favour of legalization. That's up from 31 per cent in 1995 and 26 per cent in 1975. One reason for the growing public attitude, says Ocasio, is fatigue with the fiasco we've seen on drugs captured by such films as the Oscar-winning *Trainspotting*. He also cites the personal experience of boomers smoking pot in their youth, and the Canadian government's 1999 decision to allow the chronically ill to smoke the drug to relieve pain and stimulate appetite. Last week, Health Canada approved a \$235,000 grant to the McGill Pain Centre to conduct a yearlong study on the drug's potential as a painkiller.

Whatever the reason, even politicians now seem willing to look at marijuana in a new light. Both the Senate and the House of Commons have convened committees to examine Canada's drug laws—in the Upper Chamber's case, the law on cannabis in particular. Both are expected to report next year. Progressive Conservative Leader Joe Clark and Canadian Alliance Leader Stockwell Day, among others, now say they are prepared to consider decriminalizing possession of small quantities of cannabis. Although Prime Minister Jean Chrétien says the government has no plans to soften the law at this time, in 1980, as justice minister, he had pledged to make simple possession a noncriminal offence. "For reasons I don't understand, I definitely think there's a movement towards changing the law," Pierre Claude Nolin, who is chairing the Senate committee, told *Maclean's*. "The arguments for prohibition that were so effective 30 years ago are much weaker now."

it, does it make sense to treat its users like criminal offenders? Not so Eugene Ocasio, a lawyer and a founder of the Canadian Foundation for Drug Policy. Ocasioella has never read marijuana but still advocates its legalization under certain guidelines. Much like North America's brief and disastrous experiments of alcohol, criminalizing marijuana has reaped a noxious harvest, he says. A boon for outlaws, it has tied up police and court resources, taught teenagers to disrespect the law—and utterly failed to dissuade people from using the drug. In other words, not only has the medicine been worse than the disease, it hasn't even worked.

It gets more surreal, adds Ocasioella. The chief rationale for defending the cannabis law is protecting youth. But by ensuring the only supply for marijuana is from the same people who also sell crack cocaine and heroin, the law is actually making a more likely they will get access to harder, seriously harmful drugs. The analogy with booze in contemporary society is instructive. "Rich still get access to alcohol, as they do to pot," Ocasioella notes. "But in there an organised international cartel with machine-guns, corrupting governments, killing people, selling drugged-out kids in high schools? No, because there's no money in it."

Some on the front lines have come to similar conclusions. The Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police, the RCMP and the *Canadian Medical Association Journal* have, in varying degrees, and they would support decriminalizing possession for personal

**W**HEN NOLIN TALKS ABOUT 30 YEARS AGO, he's referring to the failure of Canada's 1970 LeDain Commission to sway public opinion. It found no compelling scientific evidence that cannabis was seriously harmful, or that it was addictive. While the report led to sporadic calls for marijuana possession to be treated much like a speeding ticket, nothing happened. But it drove to political norms or lack of courage. But the scientific evidence was sketchy at best, since few had conducted the tests that would yield a conclusive answer. In the end, says Nolin, that proved decisive.

Dr. Harold Kalant argues the jury on marijuana's harmful effects is still out. Kalant, professor emeritus of pharmacology at the University of Toronto, says the research that does exist suggests negative, heavy use of cannabis produces inflammation in the lining of the respiratory system, including pre-existing conditions. It may be true, so pot's defenders claim, that there are no verifiable deaths from marijuana smoking, but there are also relatively few smokers and still fewer heavy users.

Tells us only about seven per cent of adult Canadians have used the drug in the past year, and Kalant estimates less than five per cent of those could be characterized as regular, heavy users—smoking perhaps half-a-gram per day. Legalize, and not only will the number of users increase, but also frequency of use—smoking, he argues, in an outbreak of lung cancer that would rival

that associated with tobacco. Then there are the menacing, disorienting effects, which, some studies show, have been associated with impairment and memory loss. Even potheads will generally admit that driving a car is not advisable under the drug's spell.

Kalish, however, is very much in the minority of a more scientific thinking. For one thing, says Dr. John Morgan, a New York-based pharmacologist and co-author of the 1997 book *Marijuana Myths, Marijuana Facts*, a succession of anti-drug U.S. governments have laboured over the years to make the case against marijuana, to no avail. Cannabis is not a major cancer risk for the simple reason that the drug does not lend itself to heavy continual use, as does tobacco, he says. "Not do pot smokers appear to develop emphysema, the serious respiratory disease common among tobacco smokers." It's the dose that makes the poison," says Morgan, "and cannabis smokers never come close to inhaling the amount of smoke that tobacco smokers do."

The medicinal properties of cannabis are also hotly debated.



## Ottawa would face stiff resistance if it decided to move on marijuana



But Health Minister Allan Rock believes there is enough anecdotal evidence to justify Canadian experiment with permitting AIDS, cancer and chronically ill patients to use the drug. Adverse data smoking relieves pain, stimulates appetite for those on nauseating medication, and lessens eye pressure caused by glaucoma. Since June, 1998, Health Canada has licensed patients receiving specific requirements to use marijuana for medicinal purposes. Now, regulations that went into effect this week give permission to approved patients, on doctor's recommendations, to grow sufficient quantities of marijuana for personal use.

Those who qualify should be able to avoid police harassment by using the photo-ID cards the government will issue. Rock admits the regulations still contain a catch-22—there is no legal method of obtaining marijuana seeds in Canada—but says he is willing to live with the inconsistency (page 26). In any case, he adds, the government has hired Baum Zard in Prairie Provinces Inc. of Saskatoon to grow off-limits quantities of marijuana in an underground mine near Flin Flon, Man., to begin supplying patients in a government clinical trial with a legal source of standardized dose by the end of this year.

One positive effect of marijuana on which almost everyone agrees is that it relaxes people. That's a good thing in a recreational

Rock (pictured with Seattle John Lennon in 1968 left) is spearheading Canada's experiment with permitting some medical patients to use marijuana. Zard (above) and his Saskatoon company are providing the dope.

drug, especially when you consider the alternative. While heavy drinking has been associated with unruly, boisterous behavior, pot smokers report feeling contented, even euphoric. "You feel good and relaxed," says Mike, 56, a technician with a Victoria day-care company and father of three who smokes three or four joints a day. Ottawa smoo over Mike Foster, 47, a former civil servant, says he prefers pot to alcohol. "The thing is, it helps you unwind like having a drink, but it doesn't change your personality," he says. "You get more introspective." Rock agrees. Remarkably on Canada Day celebrations in Edmonton that degenerated into a drunken riot, he says he had one intensive thought: "That wouldn't have happened if they'd been smoking pot."

**SO WHAT'S THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN IF** Canada takes the next step by decriminalizing—or even legalizing—cannabis use? The Canadian Police Association presented the case earlier to the Senate committee on May 28. It can best be described as the Plandemic's best theory—like the lid and all sorts of evils will be unleashed on society. The association, which represents 30,000 frontline officers, warns of the serious harmful effects of the drug. Furthermore, Canada will send a signal to youth that drug use is acceptable. Cannabis use will soar as will health-care costs and other social ills, such as driving while high. More importantly, the cops argue, marijuana is a "gateway drug" that will facilitate the use of other, even more harmful substances, such as cocaine and heroin. "As soon as you take away the deterrent effect, the usage is going to skyrocket," maintains David Griffin, the association's executive officer.

Griffin also disputes claims that the current law is ineffective, or makes criminals of otherwise law-abiding citizens. Most Canadians have never tried pot in their lives and 93 per cent don't smoke it now, so the law must be doing something right, he says.

## 'They become raving maniacs'

Canadian legislators controlling the use of narcotics followed quickly on the publisher in 2002 of *The Black Circle*, a lurid account of drug use by Edmonton nightclub Emily Murphy. Later renowned as the prime mover of the *Proton*, five self-proclaimed anti-drug campaigners for the vote for Canadian women, Murphy wrote regularly in the pages of *Maclean's* about the evils of the drug trade. Extracts from the book's wildly overblown chapter on marijuana—a drug that the federal government would make illegal in 1928.

**M**arijuana is known by chemists and physicians as Cannabis indica, and more commonly as Indian hemp. Sometimes it is called hashish or hashish. Indian medical doctors in India, principally at Calcutta, have made experiments with Cannabis indica and have discovered that it induces symptoms of cataplexy or even of trance.

The hemp-root for smoking and chewing comes in three forms—gum, resin and flower. This latter hemp is used chiefly in Asia Minor, India, Persia and Egypt, but is being increasingly used in this continent, particularly by the Mexicans, who smudge it into the United States.

Charles A. Jones, the Chief of Police for Los Angeles, said in a recent letter that hashish grows wild in Mexico but is rare in this state in California. He says, "Persons using this narcotic constitute a violation of this State Narcotic Law. He says, "Persons using this narcotic smoke the dried leaves of the plant, which has the effect of driving them completely insane. The addict loses all sense of moral responsibility. Addicts to this weed, while under its influence, are liable to pain, and could be severely injured without having any realization of their condition. While in this condition they become raving maniacs and are liable to kill or indulge in any form of violence, using the most



unwise methods of cruelty without, as said before, any sense of moral responsibility.

"When coming under the influence of this narcotic, these victims present the most horrible and repulsive maniacs. They are dispossessed of their natural and normal will power, and their mentality is that of idiots. If this drug is indulged in to any great extent, it leads to the untimely death of its victim."

Dr. Marwood in the *Journal of Mental Science* for January, 1903, describes the hashish user in the following words: "They are good-for-nothing lay fellows who live by begging or stealing, and justify their relations for money to pay the hashish, often accusing them when they refuse the demands. The moral degradation of these cases is their most salient symptom; loss of moral position, shamelessness, addiction to lying and theft, and a loose, irregular life makes them a curse to their families."

Compare that to legal drug like tobacco, which is used by about 24 per cent of adults, or alcohol, with a usage rate approaching 80 per cent. Griffin adds that while thousands continue to be charged with marijuana possession, the vast majority are apprehended on the consumption of other offences. "We don't touch out people for having tried, guarded by marijuana," he says. "People don't go to jail for minor possession, they are usually found holding when we catch them consuming other crimes."

Cannabis, no one knows for sure what would happen if the restraints were loosened. But if the Netherlands is any indication, the answer may be not much. Since the 1970s, Holland has served as the testing ground for decriminalization of marijuana and hashish. While cannabis is still legally prohibited, the government has maintained a policy of looking the other way on possession. The result has been that about 1,200 so-called coffee shops have sprung up throughout the country—especially Amsterdam—where customers can buy up to five grams of weed, take it with them, or smoke on the premises while enjoying a snack.

The laissez-faire policy has not been totally problem-free. The coffee shops attract thousands of "tourists" from neighboring France and Germany straining relations between the nations. Locally, the shops have also brought complaints from nearby residents. As a result, the government in the past few years reduced the number of coffee shops and the amount of cannabis an individual can purchase at a time.

But there's no sign of the grim outcomes that Griffin predicts. After an initial spurt, cannabis use in Holland has leveled off or appreciably less than in other European countries, about the same

as in Canada and lower than in the United States. The Dutch experience also seems to debunk the gateway-drug theory as usage of harder drugs is lower than for most of its neighbors. The notion that a nation's drug policy dictates use patterns is simply bogus, says Peter Cohen, director of the Centre for Drug Research at the University of Amsterdam. "A lot of factors play a role in establishing drug use—things like fashion, economic situation, number of urban areas," he says. "Drug policy is just one of them and probably not a very important one."

Still, Ottawa would face stiff resistance if it decides to move on marijuana, no all of it internal. The United States remains staunchly opposed to any relaxation of marijuana laws. Concerns like Lamar Smith of Texas have warned Canada about its leaky border that allows for the transportation of drugs and B-C grown grass. Also, the two countries co-operate closely on drug interdiction. That wouldn't necessarily stop Canada's hand, says Justice Minister Anne McLennan, but the odds "If you're going to be a responsible member of a global community, you need to understand the impact of your domestic decisions on other countries."

For advocates of decriminalization or legalization, hope now rests on convincing high levels of public support for relaxing the law and on the parliamentarianism committee reviewing Canada's policies. Opponents say it would take courage for the Liberal government to break away from the American-driven war on drugs. "But why not try it?" he asks. "It couldn't be worse than we have now, and if it doesn't work, well, no decision is irreversible." That may sound modest to many but in Emily Murphy's proud right decades ago, marijuana and logic have rarely mixed. ■

David Goffman  
is the author of  
*The Black Circle*

# Rebel with a compelling cause

ONE OF THE WORST MOMENTS IN Jim Wakeford's life came last March as he rode in a taxi through rural Ontario, smoking marijuana and chatting with the driver. Suddenly, an Ontario Provincial Police cruiser appeared alongside. Ordering the taxi to pull over, officers around Wakeford and seized a pound of marijuana he planned to share with friends in Toronto who, like him, use the drug for medical purposes. Eleven days earlier, local cops had raided a rented farmhouse in Uxton, 75 km north of Toronto, and seized about 200 marijuana plants Wakeford was growing there. Now, the 56-year-old AIDS patient was taken to a station to be photographed, fingerprinted and charged with drug offences, including possession for the purpose of trafficking. "I was freaked out," recalls Wakeford. "I was just confused." But Wakeford noted that the cops were uncaring, too. "I think they were humiliated," he says, "to be beating someone who has a legal prescription to use marijuana."

The episode underscored the catch-22 contradictions embedded in federal policy since Ontario began granting exemptions for the medical use of marijuana—regulations that permit sick people to smoke pot, but force many of them to obtain the drug illegally. Enacted by AIDS, but deeply rejected, Wakeford has emerged as a highly visible warrior in the battle to make the drug available without a web of bureaucratic restrictions. New regulations that took effect this week—making Canada the first nation to establish a regulatory framework for the medical use of marijuana—appeared partly designed to meet his demands. But Wakeford says the new rules "don't change anything—they will make it even harder for sick people to get marijuana."

A veteran social activist and a prominent member of Toronto's gay community, Wakeford first went to court in February, 1998, seeking a constitutional exemption to use marijuana for medical reasons. He was his own, forcing Ontario, in June, 1999, to grant him one of the first legal exemptions. Since then, federal officials have issued exemptions to about 300 Canadians suffering from AIDS, epilepsy, multiple sclerosis and other diseases.

But Wakeford's exemption hasn't made his life any easier. Because he's tried to grow or buy marijuana for those who couldn't otherwise get it, he has been plagued by a series of busts. So far

this year, he's been arrested three times for growing and possessing more than the seven plants and 30 g of smokable marijuana the previous federal rules allowed. "They want to make an example of Jim," says his lawyer, Alan Young, a longtime opponent of federal marijuana laws. "But they picked the wrong guy, because Jim is a fighter."

The roots of Wakeford's defiance go back to growing up gay in Chelms, Sask., midway between Moose Jaw and Swift Current. "I never felt I belonged," he remembers. "I was called every name you could think of." That didn't stop him from standing up to the defense of other bullied children. "I've always believed," he says, "that strong people should help those who are weaker."

Moving to Toronto when he was 19, Wakeford in 1967 founded and for 20 years ran Otago Community Services, a Toronto treatment centre for troubled young people. And in 1992, he played a central role in establishing a fundraising foundation for Casey House, a Toronto hospice for AIDS patients. By 1993, Wakeford was fighting full-blown AIDS himself, suffering nausea and loss of appetite. He says he'd smoked marijuana 25 years earlier, but only after that. As an AIDS activist, he says, "I was amazed to discover that the drug I'd once had so much fun with is so terribly effective as a medicine."

In his continuing war with federal authorities, Wakeford

is now asking the Ontario Court of Appeal to order Ontario to supply him with marijuana, or protect his suppliers from the police. Under the new regulations, doctors will be allowed to recommend varying amounts of pot according to patients' needs, and federally licensed growers will be permitted to supply one patient each with medical marijuana. Wakeford argues that Ontario's new regulations won't work. "Most doctors don't know anything about marijuana," he says, "and they won't prescribe it."

Meanwhile, the busts and court battles have used Wakeford's dwindling physical and financial resources. Because he never expected to survive AIDS as long as he has, the payout from an insurance policy he cashed in six years ago is running out. "I'm beaten and just about desolate," says Wakeford. "But," he adds of his crusade to make marijuana freely available to the sick and dying, "I won't give up."

Mark Nichols

2001

dealer of excellence award winner

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Emergency head of the B.C. Marijuana Party, is a big-time pot grower

COVER

## Blowing smoke in Vansterdam

Vancouver is known as a pot-friendly North American Amsterdam. Officials hate that reputation—but they're tough one moment, tolerant the next.

BY KEN MACQUEEN

MURRAY'S DOWNTOWN MARIJUANA speakeasy is no room, and he's a bar bannister out. His place was quiescent Vansterdam—a third-floor walk-up with soaring ceilings and walls filled with good art selling at fair prices. There was a pool table, comfy seating and music at low enough to find a conversation. Tourists mingled with office clerks or Howe Street bikers. They'd buy pot from a table in one corner—provided they were of legal drinking age. Murray—who prefers not to reveal his last name—was strict about that. They'd sell a few doobies and solve the world's problems, working up a killer appetite for dinner.

For nine months, Murray's place was the gentle, no-nonsense face of B.C. Bud, the potter form of marijuana that, according to the province's Organized Crime Agency, is a \$6-billion annual cash crop, second only to logging—but ahead of raising and manufacturing—among British Columbia's most valuable commodities. "It was a huge tourist attraction," Murray says of his business. "I had people from all over the world coming in." He and many others in the vocal B.C. cannabis culture have smoked Vancouver's sturdiest as a pot-colonized North American Amsterdam. It was Murray's undoing. Police hate that reputation.

The authorities learned on his landlord's last summer, and although visitors sometimes light up at his place, as in other "smoke-tolerant" venues in the city, Murray now deals nothing

stronger than arugula. No chairs were laid, so he's not in a mood to complain. Still, like many, he's befuddled by what passes for a drug policy in the province.

Though one moment, tolerant the next, officials don't go through wild mood swings in the enforcement of drug law, but even of B.C. opinion polls that favor decriminalizing the personal possession of marijuana. For more troubling than pot for many is the ugly haze of hard drug dealers and crack-addled hookies operating within view of the Public Safety Building, the moonlit police substation in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside. The use of crack and heroin in human life and property crime is enormous. This summer, says Insp. Keith Heed, who commands the drug and vice section, police have shifted some resources from busting marijuana growers to hit the open-air drug market.

Even the first editions of the law, the judges of the B.C. Court of Appeal, seem bewildered by the ambivalent views about pot. In a March 29 ruling, three justices complained: "There are so many differing sentences for marijuana, it cannot be said that there is any common judicial opinion as to what is the right thing to do." Rationing for pot growers runs from a conditional discharge to, in rare cases, sentences of two years less a day in provincial jail.

While police complain about soft sentencing, they're raked up record fines. Vancouver police raided 388 grow operations last year, seizing marijuana, equipment and cash that they valued at almost \$74 million. In the last full of this year, the drug squad and the department's specialized Grow Busters cost for 299 grow houses and seized more than \$77 million in plants and assets. The

squad conducts so many raids that, in many cases, it doesn't spend time or resources laying charges against the growers, concludes Heed. Instead, investigators track patterns and similarities "so we can link these grow operations to various criminal cells."

As for small quantities of marijuana, B.C. police have all but given up. "While they reported 10,000 incidents of marijuana possession in 1999, barely 17 per cent resulted in charges, according to an analysis by *The Vancouver Sun*. That compares with a charge rate of 55 per cent in Quebec, and almost 71 per cent in Ontario.

The law, in short, is applied to the formerly inconsistent fashion that marked the rise and fall of four years of alcohol prohibition in the province, from 1917 to 1921. Then, as now, fortunes were made taking the market in America, which clung to Prohibition until 1933. Feeding America's need then was, as historian Alan Morley put it, "one of the finest assemblages of inventors,

piners, skilled artisans, gangsters and downright murderers the eastern Pacific had ever seen." It's no different today. British Columbia still drives America to distraction, though the product is *Brexit* Time-warp, as one of the new pot artists is known, rather than bootleg rum.

This April, when *Rolling Stone* magazine catalogued all that is cool, high on the list was the current B.C. aka town of Fernie. Its claim to fame was an abundance of snow, and another natural resource: "a fugrant green plant known to aid relaxation and enhance appreciation of, you know, pretty trees and stuff."

Less enthusiastic are American authorities. The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration will open an office in Vancouver next year, a move Heed applauds as a "beneficial" example of cross-border cooperation. DEA agents will share intelligence with Canadian counterparts—confirming, in the view of critics, that drug policy is dictated from Washington.

At the very least, the province's perceived laxity is a concern. Last December, the DEA produced a seven-page intelligence brief on B.C. Bud. It notes police in the province raid an average of eight indoor grow operations a day. Yet there is a steady climb of marijuana seizures at the B.C.-Washington state border. "The majority of grows are operated by Vancouverians organized crime groups (or youth gangs) or by associates of the Hells Angels Motorcycle Club," says the DEA. It estimates the province's pot trade at \$1.4-billion a year industry.

B.C. police say even that figure is low. An estimate released last month by the province's Organized Crime Agency puts the annual value of the marijuana trade at \$6 billion—with \$4.2 billion of that grown in the populous Lower Mainland. The agency, which draws on the resources of the RCMP and municipal police forces, estimates there are 15,000 to 20,000 grow operations in the Lower Mainland—more than double its estimate of two years ago.

Why British Columbia? Police blame soft sentencing, and that darn Vancouver reputation. "What we hear is people saying, 'Oh, yeah, grow in B.C. because nothing is going to happen to



While police complain that judges' sentences are too soft, they're raked up record busts of grow operations

you," says Staff Sgt. Chuck Doucette of the RCMP's provincial drug-awareness section. There's also plenty of expertise. Anything necessary to the cultivation, sale or export of marijuana is available within a five-minute walk from the 300 block of Vancouver's West Hastings Street—Vansterdam's main street.

Consider the global reach of pompous Marc Emery, who is president of the B.C. Marijuana Party, which has candidates (unsuccessfully) in all 29 provincial ridings in the May election, publisher of the internationally circulated *Cannabis Culture* magazine and an information-packed Web site, and founder of Pot-TV, an Internet operation

that streams marijuana news, music and cultivation tips from its West Hastings corner.

Emery sells marijuana seeds by mail order—about two million of "commodorable potency and quality" in the past seven years, he says. His 12-page seed catalogue reads like a stoner's version of *Wine Spectator*. The *Worms' Worms* strain, for instance, has "vigorizing high-energy buds. Great for conversation, dancing, romance."

Emery estimates grow sales this year at \$3.5 million. Much of the profits finance the mag-



azine, Pot-TV and the Marijuana Party. The party's latest initiative is to underwrite the start-up costs for 25 "consumption clubs" to distribute medical marijuana to communities in British Columbia and Alberta.

Watching Emery's effort with some concern is Hilary Black, the 25-year-old founder of the 1,500-member British Columbia Compassion Club Society, which acts, pot, often with doctors' recommendations, to people suffering from such diseases as AIDS, cancer and multiple sclerosis. While Ottawa has disbanded an as medical marijuana plant, the club has operated for the past four years in a legal grey zone, dispensing pot from its east Vancouver storefront. The club is so established that judges have even granted its growers conditional discharges, noting police turn a "blind eye" to its activities.

While Black welcomes Emery's aim to increase the supply of medical marijuana, she worries that his confrontational style may prove a liability. Black knows how vulnerable the club is. Last April, she met in the Hotel Vancouver with a pot grower, her lawyer and Health Minister Allan Rock, who wanted her assessment of Ottawa's proposed medical marijuana laws. Minutes after Rock left, her telephone rang with word that another arm of the federal government, the RCMP, had just raided a greenhouse in suburban Richmond that was growing pot for the club.

Black doesn't blame Rock, but the word in the "Old Boys club" in the RCMP "tired the raid to send the message and the club a reminder: cannabis prohibition won't end without a fight, not even in British Columbia. ■



## Canada and the World

# SAFE HARBOUR

*THE FIRST OF 94 ISMAILI HAZARAS, CARRYING NOTHING BUT hope, stepped off a flight in Montreal on July 18 from Ashgabat, Turkmenistan, a Central Asian state neighbouring war-torn Afghanistan. The Hazaras, Shiite Muslims, were once the third-largest ethnic group in Afghanistan, numbering close to five million in the country of 23 million. But their fortunes changed in the chaos that began with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in 1979 and has continued in the wake of the 1996 victory by the Taliban in the country's civil war. The Taliban—"seekers of the truth"—have established an extreme fundamentalist Sunni Muslim regime, murdering hundreds of Hazaras and driving thousands from the country. A lucky few are coming to Canada. As they struggled to learn French in preparation for their new life in Quebec, they told Maclean's their stories:*



Many were terrified: some died. Now, after their long and dangerous journey, the Ismaili Hazaras are learning French in preparation for their new lives in the province of Quebec.

Photography and text by CLIVE SHURLEY in Ashgabat

**T**HE SOUND OF DOZENS OF voices, male and female, young and old, belting out a chorus of *Absoute*, emanates from the basement of an office building in Ashgabat. "Je te plains pour la vie, je te plains la vie," they drone in barely recognizable French along with Zoukplus Grouzou, their instructor with the Geneva-based International Federation of Red Crescent Societies. Her students, aged five to 75, attend a two-hour lesson once a week. And when Maclean's visited the classroom—the men and young people at the front, women and elderly at the back—all stood to greet their visitor with a hearty "Bey-jour." Male heads of families are under the most pressure to learn, but it's the teenagers who excel, especially the young women who are anxious to read French so they can decipher the colourful pages of the fashion magazines donated to the class by the French Embassy. Their instructor's goal: provide them with a linguistic survival kit for their new home. "Most will be able to buy a bus or a train ticket," Grouzou says, "or ask for directions."

The Ismaili Hazaras lived in Afghanistan for centuries, operating small shops, trading commodities such as wheat and sugar. Their lives changed forever when the Soviet Union invaded the mountainous country in 1979 to support a Communist regime in Kabul and control the spread of Islamic fundamentalism along its border. For 10 years, Soviet troops supported by jet fighters and helicopter gunships battled the Afghan mujahideen—Sufi warriors. The Soviets expected an easy victory, but the guerrillas retreated into the mountains and, with U.S.-supplied weapons, including portable anti-aircraft rockets, fought the invaders to a standstill. Unable to subdue the mujahideen, and with casualties mounting, the Soviets withdrew in February 1989.

But the heavily armed mujahideen, an uneasy alliance of guerrilla groups, quickly broke into factions and fought a bitter civil war. The fighting finally reached Kabul, the capital, in

1992 and all but destroyed the city, forcing more than one million refugees who were not part of the Sunni majority to flee. Many Hazaras joined the lines of trucks and cars heading northwest towards the city of Mazar-i-Sharif, an area of the country the Sunnis did not control.

**H**assan Ali Haidary, his wife and son, Faridun, were among those to escape. Starting on cinders in a cramped Soviet-era apartment in Ashgabat, Haidary tells how they first made their way to Mazar-i-Sharif. Then, over the next six years, they survived by selling gasoline, a valuable commodity in the shattered country. But in August 1998, black-robed Taliban soldiers of the Taliban, which emerged victorious in the civil war, entered the city, where the remnants of many opposing factions had fled. Determined to erase all opposition, they turned their weapons on the largely defenceless population, killing at least 5,000 people.

The Haidarys studied death again, this time fleeing southwest to the safety of the mountains, along with thousands of others and as much food as they could carry. The Taliban pursued them, attacking with rockets and killing hundreds before the refugees finally

reached mountains into which the retreating Taliban army could not advance. Six weeks later, the Taliban leadership announced amnesty. But it was laced with a threat: those who remained in the mountains would be hunted down and killed. The Haidarys decided to remain

in Mazar-i-Sharif, but instead of being granted amnesty, Faridun, by then 21, and his father, 65, were imprisoned.

For the next six months, they were repeatedly tortured. The weapon of choice, a handspike wedged by religious police from the minarets for the enforcement of virtue and suppression of vice. As his father with their army, Faridun was uncomfortable, as though trying to will those memories away. But the Haidarys were lucky: during their imprisonment, other men were removed from their cells and loaded into trucks—never to be seen again.

Faridun believes he and his father were spared because they were healthy. Eventually, they were used as slave labour to build a mosque. By then, their family had located them and made an unsuccessful attempt to buy

## After years of persecution, a handful of Afghani refugees find a haven



their freedom for \$1,800—in a country where the average monthly wage is \$45. An official pocketed the blood money, but a second attempt and a further \$900 finally secured their release. They made their escape by truck to neighbouring Turkmenistan.

Hazrat's nephew, Abdulaziz Hazratyay, was returning from the mountains two days after his uncle when he was arrested along with 15 other men. They were taken to the basement of a traditional round mud house in Mazar-i Sharif, forced to lie face down with their hands and legs tied behind their backs and beaten savagely with the dreaded "Enforcement of Virtue" whip.

Hazrat's son, Farid, then 14, witnessed the beatings and was then taken away. For Hazratyay, that situation was worse than the whip, and for the next five weeks he constantly prayed for Farid's life. Not all members of the Taliban were cruel, he recalls. "Once I overheard an argument," he says. "A guard was saying to another that it is not right to beat simple women and workers." But others enjoyed their role; one of the more nefarious beat a man to death, continuing to flog him long after the screaming had stopped.

It took two months for Hazratyay's relatives to secure his release for \$900. They also located Farid, who had been moved to a labour gang. His release cost another \$1,200. They then picked the \$500 km on foot and by truck along mountain roads to Turkmenistan.

The Hazrat family began to change for the better a year ago when Françoise Muller-Lauritzen, head of the office of the United Nations High Commission for Refugees in Afghanistan, was reviewing case files of the 2,000 Afghani refugees under her jurisdiction. She discovered that some had relatives in Canada—15 years ago, she says, an initial contingent of Afghani Hazrat arrived in Quebec, assisted by the Aga Khan Foundation, which represents Shiite Muslims around the world. They were now able to sponsor their relatives in Afghanistan, and 94 were selected to



Life is grim in refugee camps on Afghanistan's border, but Anwar Ali (middle) (above left) and grandson Shabaz seek security in Canada.

## Determined to erase all opposition to their regime, the Taliban brutally cracked down

come. "This group of Imtiaz Hazrat," says Muller-Lauritzen, "have many relatives already established and working for years in Canada. This is the best option for them."

In the classroom in Aghabaz, the question "what do you think life will be like in Canada?" drew a blank. While they will receive housing assistance and welfare for one year, all the new-

comers knew about Canada is that it's cold. But they believe that when their families are united and they are working, life will be better. "All the men are ready to work hard at any job," says Hazrat. "It is our children who will prosper."

With their new homes, says Farouk Karimzad, comes great responsibility. His father was taken by the Taliban in 1998 and has not been seen since, but the rest of the family managed to escape. Karimzad is in Turkmenistan and his mother and brother in Rawalpindi in Pakistan. "Their situation is terrible," he says. "I will send 50 per cent of everything I earn to my mother." Karimzad speaks for many when he says, "I trust in God. I trust in my relatives and I trust that the Canadian government will help us get on our feet. We will work hard and life will be good." At long last. ■

## People

Edited by Shonda Dierck

## IT'S CANDID CANDACE

As a Toronto book signing for Candace Bushnell's latest novel, *If Always*, a (bland) female psychoanalyst approaches the petite (not-so-bland) author and asks whether Bushnell notices how damaging her writings can be for single women. Women have many issues with being alone, she says sincerely, and it's painful for them when authors turn their struggle into anti-eroticizing, anti-romantic. Bushnell's smile turns to ice. She stresses that these days a lot more women are single, will never marry and are satisfied with their lives. Bushnell—born known for her weekly newspaper columns-turned-magazine-as-TV-show *Sex and the City*—dismisses the woman with, "Women don't need men like they did before." Then she seems to ask her constant, "Did my boyfriend call?" The 62-year-old New Yorker is full of such contrived snobs. Bushnell admits that her characters are nasty and unlikable but hopes that people will be amused by them. And



Single-life writer aims for her boyfriend to call

these same protagonists are very much like Bushnell—wearing designer clothes, spending summers in the Hamptons and always having the right parties. "I like to write about them," she says of high-society women. "Because society is something to aspire to in terms of morals and values." It seems Sashy-bay in the City might have been a more fitting title.

## GET YOUR GAME FACE ON

Cameron Hughes, 30 years old, short and lean, 6' 3", born in Ottawa, lives in Toronto, loves sports and is a good with the ladies. Nickname: The Superfan. Odd or even: cannot keep mouth shut in photos.

Matt Hoptkins, 31 years old, curly blond hair, 5' 11", born in Ottawa, lives in Toronto, loves skateboarding and is a not-so-good with the ladies. Nickname: Hoptguy. Odd or even: telling Hughes' secrets to strangers.

Hughes and Hoptkins are co-hosts of a new Comedy Network show, *Game Face*—a behind-the-scenes look at professional sports and athletes. The two guys met four years ago while working on a Labour

radio campaign. Hughes, a professional sports fan who is hired by teams across North America to pump up the crowds, and Hoptkins, a comedian and writer, decided to team up and pitch a TV show that looks at the lighter side of sports.

Since then, Hughes and Hoptkins seem to have spent too much time together—flashing each other's sneakers, wearing the same colour to interviews. "We're similar in terms of wanting to do fun things, but we're very different in many ways," says Hughes, adding, "Many many ways. Matt can build stuff I can't. We're like a husband and wife." They both groan, looking slightly disgusted with themselves.

Hoptguy and Superfan

## Susie and the swingers

Singer Susie Arioli and guitarist Jonathan Olfend had no great expectations of commercial success when they released their last disc, it's Wonderful in the spring of 2000. The native Montebello, who formed the Susie Arioli Swing Band three years ago and has now performed in 100 as well as music, had just 500 copies pressed. "We didn't want tons of record stores sitting in crates in our apartment," says Arioli. They wouldn't have worried—the collection of 14 jazz pop tunes, largely from the 1950s, has since sold more than 15,000 copies and landed them a three-word deal with the Montreal label Juste Time Records, which distributes internationally.

The couple, usually accompanied only by a brass player, made an initial



Arioli underestimates her appeal

split at their home town during the 1998 Montreal International Jazz Festival, where they played an outdoor concert one night, and two nights later at the Place du Canada before an audience of 2,000. Since then, they've performed in a downtown New York City club, learned the hard way just how important Charlie Parker, and are now enjoying their busiest summer of touring yet—recently completing a 24-city European tour, just before in Vancouver, Victoria, Edmonton and Regina as well as a series of shows in the Maritimes. While the musicians say their swing band is an hot indie-rock, they give no hinting to the rockabilly spirit in December. "People like the Beatles' guitar work, which is really bluesy," says Arioli, "and they like the songs. They know how to love and optimism and devotion, and they were very well written, less explicit than a lot of music today."

# CONVERGING ON YOUR LIVING ROOM

A New Brunswick firm is leading the highly competitive, global charge to combine the Internet, television and telephone in one place

## Business

By DANIELO HORVALESNIKA  
in Saint John

**F**IFTY impressions can be deceiving. Approaching Saint John, N.B., the pilot of the small commuter jet draws passengers' attention to the "Rising Sun" on the Saint John River where it empties into the Bay of Fundy. The falls are actually a stretch of foaming, rolling current that changes direction in the river's flow yields to the higher ebb tides in the world. Along the shoreline, a small pulp mill spews thick white smoke. Landing at the airport, a 20-minute drive outside town, is a little like landing at a rustic northern fishing camp: a couple of buildings, a few lakes and streams, a lot of trees. But Saint John is no blue-collar backwater. This scenic hub of shipbuilding is now at the heart of a global telecommunications sea change that promises to simultaneously transform how we watch TV, place phone calls and use computers.

At the heart of this fundamental realignment is a small company with powerful backers called iMagiTV Inc. Headed by chief executive and co-founder Michel LeBrun, it makes software to send television signals over ordinary copper telephone lines. Its an Internet-based technology



that has cable competitors at Rogers Communications Inc. (which owns iMediastream, Shaw Communications Inc. and others) seeing up to pay attention, while phone companies sidestep. No wonder iMagiTV's software is the first of its kind in the world to be commercially deployed. The company is loss—but unfortunately, so are its upstream Saint John offices. The building's air conditioning can't keep pace with the

heat rising from several banks of computer screens generating iMagiTV's research and development lab, frantically nicknamed The Smoat.

Hot as it is, LeBrun seems cool. The 30-year-old father of three is trying the future and video-on-demand. Not just full-length movies, which iMagiTV can already deliver with the click of an icon, but perhaps those-massive comedies or night-



LeBrun shows off the iMagiTV system, while Ajax, Ont., householder Eric Delaney (appears) hits a wireless keyboard as part of the Rogers Triple Play trial of iMagiTV's offering

music dramas that viewers will be able to audition whenever they like, and soon. He's not alone in his thinking. In April, a Forrester Research Inc. report predicted 40 per cent of all cable TV viewing will be video-on-demand by 2006. Television viewers, it said, are poised to take greater control of what they watch, and when.

Video-on-demand beyond movies, says LeBrun, will probably work something like this: For an extra \$10 a month on their regular TV bill, parents could get, say, the *Cyberella* Kids channel, a prototype demonstrated last year. In addition to regular programming, they would be able to call up videos with colouring exercises and instructions on how to make Play-Doh figures. Every few weeks, as part of the service, subscribers would get more cartoons and Play-Doh in the mail. Hopefully, everybody's happier parents get suitable programming for their children, while merchandisers and signal providers such as Capella TV would be educational, says LeBrun. "And guess what? It's a lot more revenue than for a TV channel."

And that's what's at stake—more revenue. In a word, it's called convergence, the massive, multi-billion-dollar push by telcos and cablecos to get more services

into your home over a single network under a single bill. Many consider it essential to bundle television, high-speed Internet access and what's known as telephony—digitized voice signals—into one contract, discounted package. Plus, once the homeowners buys the package, more on-site services for more money can be tacked on, such as security and disaster control for the home.

Athlete, Canada, in many respects, is ground zero as the convergence war for consumers' hearts and wallets. Atque Inc., the region's dominant telecommunications holding company, is in the thick of the battle. Atque was formed with the 1999 amalgamation of New Brunswick-based Brantec Inc. (NBEL's parent company), Nova South Marine, Telegraph & Telephone Co. Ltd. (MTT), PEI's Island Telecom Inc. and NewTel Enterprise Ltd. in Newfoundland. Atque, which holds a 29-per-cent stake in iMagi, and iMagi's software to launch its NBTEL Video-on-demand 18 months ago. Today, 2,700 subscribers in Saint John and Moncton receive 170 television and radio channels, high-speed Net access and digital telephone service over their phone lines, for a bundled price of between \$55 and

\$110 a month. All that's required is a free set-top box.

There are, however, limitations. One is iMagiTV's inability to support more than one television per household due to constraints on capacity, known as bandwidth. Another requires subscribers to live within 2.5 km of one of the phone company's distribution nodes. And a third prevents viewers from taping a show while watching another. Still, Bob Neal, Atque's vice-president of emerging business, says video-on-demand technology has improved significantly in the past six months, while in the same time, iMagi has been testing faster connection speeds. Neal expects software upgrades will permit customers to hook up one, and possibly three TVs by year end. Even as is, iMagiTV has capped its per cent of the market where it

is available. "If you look at digital satellite TV," says Neal, "100-per-cent penetration probably took six years."

Depending on iMagiTV's success, that might be the priority. Atque executive vice-president Gerry Ford, who oversees the telco and energy business, notes that MTT is now rolling out iMagiTV in Halifax. (This time, though, the set-top boxes will cost users \$250.) But more Atlantic cities will get iMagiTV over the next year. Peil, too, says video-on-demand is part of Atque's future expansion of services, but he isn't about to tip his hand in a highly competitive market. "We're not ready to see what's coming next," says Ford. "It could be iMagiTV or on-demand, or we lose the capability to do that. Whether that's over service to put in that market, I haven't decided yet."

Magi's LeBrun and Allan Cameron, its vice-president of technology, were at NBTEL when they helped spin off iMagiTV Inc. in 1998. The firm went public last November, at \$17.15 a share. The offering on the Nasdaq and Toronto exchanges raised \$84 million, but the share price was the low by the next trading session, says LeBrun, and now trades in the \$3 range. The

company, with 210 employees, rose in Saint John, has \$86 million in cash reserves, and Leblond predicts profitability before that money is spent.

But turning a profit will not be accomplished solely in Canada, where the market is too small. SuiTel is Rogers in currently trying out iMag's system in a few hundred households. "We cover Canada," says Leblond, "with one salesperson."

To expand, Leblond is looking abroad. In Europe, iMag has joined with Kingston Communications PLC, based in Hull, England, where 9,400 paying customers get television, text screen and video-on-demand over their phone lines. In the United States, it has teamed with Monnier, La-based ComnetTel, which operates in 21 states. The deal is in its early stages, and ComnetTel has yet to conduct market trials. Seeking credibility in Asia, iMag in June announced a market trial for up to 300 clients of such-and-singapore's SingTel.

There is no shortage of competition to challenge Leblond in his, he has one in his own corporate backyard. Montreal-based BCE Inc. holds a controlling 55-per-cent stake in Alurate, which in turn is iMag's biggest shareholder. In February, BCE announced plans to develop a similar product, called ComNetBox. The device is expected to combine Bell Canada's satellite TV, Sympatico high-speed Internet access and Bell GlobeMedia content. The plan also calls for a built-in hard drive for a personal digital video recorder. Lab tests start this fall, with consumer trials set for early next year. But since the announcement five months ago, says Elroy Jopling, a principal analyst at Gartner Inc. in Toronto, there has been no further word from Bell GlobeMedia chief executive. "If you look and say, how much strategy have we seen from Ben Fozard?" says Jopling. "An analyst, but you have haven't seen much."

Being visible is part of the game. Toronto-based Rogers Cable last month drew attention with its prototype Triple Play service, which links the home's telephone, television and PC. In a trial of 50 suburban houses just east of Toronto, Rogers is testing a home-based, Com-



*Joe Mosher, in the Living Lab, is excited about delivering video-on-demand.*

boke-like computer made by Myriad, Mass.-based Ustream Systems. With Triple Play users can get call display and voice mail on their television, receive MP3 music files from the PC to their stereo or any radio, and see high-speed Internet scenes, e-mail and instant messaging on the tube as well as their PC.

On the commercial front, Rogers Interactive TV now has about 4,000 paying

plans to bundle telephony with television and Net access in 2003. Shaw for the moment believes telephone service over the Internet is a financial nonstarter. Shaw president Peter Bissonnette says he would rather increase shareholder value by adding subscribers who want digital cable TV or high-speed Net access rather than telephony. "Choosing a very low-margin business which isn't differentiated," says

Bissonnette, "doesn't make sense to us at this time."

The trick, of course, is to find out what does make sense. Joe Mosher, general manager at ianovis Inc., Alurate's nine-year-old research-and-development arm, oversees the Living Lab,

where banks of computers and an developing the 30 or so projects that are on the go at any one time. Mosher is excited about delivering video-on-demand. But like LeBlond and Pond, he recognizes a problem he has absolutely nothing to do with the technology.

Over the mostly background hum of his computers, Mosher says a number of companies—from the National Football League to the World Wrestling Federation—refuse to give Alurate access to content for on-demand distribution. "They haven't figured out how to make money from this yet," he says. Mosher hopes the problem will take care of itself, as the concept of a vast video archive gets better known and public demand rises. He also hopes Alurate's model will prevail in putting it to consumers, but on that critical question, there is still no consensus. ■

**Not all the cable guys want to add phone service. Shaw's Bissonnette sees it as a financial nonstarter.**

## Tech Explorer

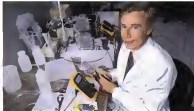
### Power: as Goodis as it gets

Good ad slogans stick in your head, whether you want them to or not. One like "At Speedy, you're a somebody," Harvey's makes your hamburger a beautiful thing, and Wonderbra "We care about the shape you're in." Jerry Goodis, the legendary Canadian ad man, is responsible for all three, and many more. Landing Goodis and his award-winning track record is likely to give New York City-based Trimel Group Inc. a leg up on its competitors. Trimel's majority

owner, maintains that a cell-phone battery capable of 30 days' standby time and 24 hours' talk time—for less than \$10—is within reach. So far, Trimel has signed up Japan's Hitachi Mobile and SAGEM SA in France to help develop the batteries.

To generate current, aluminum inside the battery is dissolved, releasing electrons. These flow through the device and return to the battery to react with aluminum and air, creating aluminum hydroxide, which can be recycled once the battery has been

screen technology to find out about almost every product in the store, as well as reducing time wandering through the aisles by answering queries to locate stuff. Sale flyers will no longer have to be handed out—instead, they'll be available at the touch of a button, as will Internet news, sports and e-mail. "There's been a huge movement in the retail level to provide more self-service information," Kalish says. The terminals, he adds, are not meant to replace staff. "Sometimes the clerks are overwhelmed with work, and this is designed to complement the information they give."



*Kirk says an aluminum cell-phone battery capable of 24 hours' talk time is within reach.*

shareholder is Toronto-based Alurateam Power Inc., an upstart maker of an environmentally friendly battery for a wide range of consumer products. It isn't brought in Goodis to build the batteries, which won't be ready for commercial launch until the summer of next year. Goodis says he couldn't say. "I said to myself, this is another Canadian."

That remains to be seen, but the technology sounds promising. The main ingredients, aluminum, is light, inexpensive,

recycle. "Oxygen is a react material," says Kirk. "It's readily available, and we don't have to pay for it." A marketing dream come true? "When I looked at all of the materials," says Goodis, "I tipped out."

### The electronic clerk

America, shoppers—you've got mail. At select Ontario Pharmas Plus stores, Toronto-based Netix Corp. plans to launch new in-store computer terminals this month that will, according to CEO Brian Kalish, give consumers "a more interactive, full-circle shopping experience."

Shoppers will be able to use the terminals' touch-



*Kalish is more involved providing less wandering.*

### Jumping jacks

Fast came the Runo, the slinky slimline scanner that took the world by storm. Now the same Los Angeles-based company has introduced Algo, a page reader that relies on compressed air for extra bounce. The \$120 Algo requires users to periodically pump up the page with a device in its base. Handle height is adjustable, as is the air pressure, which ensures comfortable hopping for kids weighing 27 kg to 100 kg. And with the popular scanner, Algo can scan the alternative mode of transportation for easy storage once they're all helped out.

Datoly Hovdeleth and Paul Mark Rodden

### COOL SITE

#### Rock on

Newfoundlanders are known for being sociable and, sadly, for leaving the Rock in shame due to tough economic times. To help emigrate Newfoundlanders around the world stay in touch, find friends, get news from home and more, Nicole Monette launched www NewfoundlandersAbroad.com. The site also helps people find Newfoundland-owned businesses, services and organizations wherever they live.



Donald Coxie

## Downfall of the elites

*Maclean's is pleased to introduce a weekly column by strategist Donald Coxie, Canadian chairman of Horwath Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Jones Howard Investments*

**W**hy a collapse on global markets? Because no one can understand world news anymore without knowing what the markets say, and because personal wealth-building is nearly everyone's business. Since the 1980s a global strategy, the world economy and its markets have been transformed. What does these changes was the disappearance of powerful elites.

Two decades ago, economies were, in varying degrees, state. Politicians, economists and intellectuals across the world won a broad agreement that good government was big government. The market was too small to be trusted.

Stock markets were also ruled by elites. In the United States, big corporate and state pension funds were dominant. When it was the portfolio manager for a leading Wall Street

firm, we knew our job was to influence the two dozen or so U.S. managers of the major pension funds. The stocks on which they acted our opinions were based on the New York Stock Exchange. Nasdaq companies were, in their August view, generally too small and too speculative to be worth the time of serious investors.

Around, other elites proved local markets. In Germany, the big banks dominated the Frankfurt exchange. In Britain, the managers of pension and insurance funds were in charge. In France, the banks and government ran the market.

Political elites fell first. Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan oversaw the neoliberalism in their own parties, and then ran over the leftists and liberals in the media and universities. Their progress of controlling inflation and expanding economic growth through reducing government checked the powerful, but got the job done. A postmodern American economist criticized Reagan's first term. "Yes, it works in practice, but would it work in theory?" As Thatcher herself predicted, the proof of her policies came in a program implemented by the first Labour government to succeed her.

Opening up economies and winning the Cold War created huge new opportunities for entrepreneurs and the corporate sector generally. That the U.S. stock market led global markets in responding to this new global (dis)order reflected the fall from power of the stock market elites.

The 1990s bull market led by Nasdaq didn't come because of the personal funds and their managers. Since 1995, corporate pension funds in which the employers guarantee the ben-

efits have been consistent sellers of stocks. Why? Because the continued strength of the stock market kept pushing the funds' equity exposure to the limit their securities and planners would accept, and even brought in a little cash. They became pensioners with large, living off their savings. And these city corporate constraints that moved the markets in the '70s and '80s no longer count for much.

What happened, of course, was the emergence of thousands of significant decision-makers in the form of the managers of mutual and hedge funds, empowered by millions of decision-makers in the form of retail investors. The power of all bull markets evolved rapidly (and frequently chaotically) into a democratized financial system. Through their purchases of a vast array of mutual funds and their personal investing, millions of people became directly involved in pricing the market.

Two booms drove this democratization. The aging of the baby boomers was the engine, but the other boom—in financial information—has been the fuel. Suddenly, the stock market was almost everywhere—newspapers, magazines, TV and the Web, just as political democracy lives on information and open-ness—and uncorrupted—so financial democracy has blossomed with the widespread dissemination of statistics, opinions, recommendations, tips and reports of widely varying quality.

This free experiment with financial democracy has, predictably, led to ex-

cesses. Enthusiasm fanned by media hype led to the ending of Nasdaq in 18 months, history's biggest financial folly. That is no more an argument against market democracy than democratic Russia's unstable argue for a return to Stalinism. Even advanced democracies get swept by "New Era" enthusiasms. Economies and markets are no longer controlled by any government, or select influence group (including the Georgetown Fed). The current global economic slowdown came because the post-Cold War boom ultimately exhausted itself, just as all previous postwar booms (such with its own new technological fueled out.

The absence of the anti-globalism campaign is that no one and no group is actually in charge—other than the economies and of the stock markets. The World Trade Organization, the G-8 and other international organizations are decisions, suggestions and speculations in process driven by a capital of public and private sector forces, not by the dictates of some elite. There is no truly important leader in the information.

So what information will this column offer?

One man's disquisitions of trends out there that make the job of personal wealth-building so challenging—and so fascinating.

### Life

Exploring subterranean worlds allows cavers to go where no one has before

## CAVING GRACE

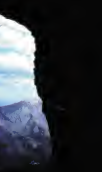
By BRIAN BERGMAN (see CAREERS)

It's dark in here, very dark.

We have descended only a short distance into Rat's Nest Cave, so named for the long-tailed, odoriferous creatures that like to nest near the cave's entrance. But it already feels like a different world. After edging forward on our backs, or at times on all fours like infants, along moist, sculpted and—so my mind at least—

extremely narrow passageways, we arrive at a broad chamber where we take a breather. My guide, Jonathan Rollins, of Carleton, Ala., decides this would be a good time to take full stock of the elements. Skinning off the leopards on our hard hats, we are plunged into utter darkness. "It doesn't matter if your eyes are open or shut; you see the same thing," says Rollins, who is standing just a few feet away but is invisible to me now. "All you have is the

psychological panicle of your mind." Just so. And right now my mind—when not wondering how it got the rest of me into this situation—is focused on the one question that has nagged me since I first heard of the trail but deduced blind of men and women who like nothing better than to descend for days at a time into the subterranean mountain depths. What does it mean? As it turns out, Rollins, a British-born, former child-welfare worker



"When you come out of a cave after five or six days, it's really quite magical," says Rollins, shown here in Rat's Nest Cave

who has operated his own cave-guiding service for the past decade, has an explanation that almost makes sense. "You have the opportunity to go where no one has gone before," says Rollins, 44. "When else is that the case, unless you are an astronaut or a deep-sea diver? Every inch of the earth's sur-

## Life

*Cavegators of  
Cave, in Banff  
National Park,  
is one of the  
longest caves  
in the Rockies*

**'Caving is anarchistic. Cavers hate to be told what to do and there are a lot of outlaw cavers. It's an underground activity in more ways than one.'**

face has been trapped either by seismic or satellite imagery. But there is no technology that will accurately find caves or explore them. A cave can only be experienced and explored by a person going underground.

OK, but what about the inherent danger of caving, not to mention our primordial fear of dark, enclosed places? "Those fears are probably quite logical," observes Rollins. "They are rooted in the instinct to stay alive. Fear of the unknown is the biggest. But along with that fear is a fascination. People are a bit like cats; they get into dangerous situations because they are inquisitive."

These caving cats are not barred all the same. Rollins estimates that there are perhaps a few hundred active cavers in all of Canada, and only about 30 in Alberta. Home to the Rockies, Small wonders, More of the 200 known caves in the Rockies are extremely remote, with entrances located at about 2,440-m elevation, and require at

least a day's hard slog uphill from any major roadway or trail. A rare exception, Rat's Nest Cave is located just seven kilometers from the mountain resort town of Canmore, and its entrance, at an elevation of 1,960 m, is a modest 25-minute hike from a major highway. Its accessibility is a godsend for Rollins, who takes about 1,000 people a year into the four-kilometer-long cave.

By his own admission, Rollins is a bit of an odd duck in the caving community. For one thing, he's a caving guide, introducing novices and other novices to the sacred depths. "Some caves are guides as practitioners," says Rollins. "They are viewed as selfish ones." For another, Rollins is currently parting the flouting touches on the first-ever guidebook to caves of the Canadian Rockies, which Rocky Mountain Books will publish early next year. "The book is very controversial," he says. "A lot of cavers are up-

set. Some predict there will be hundreds of people rushing off to the caves, getting injured and trashing the environment."

Rollins shrugs that off unlikely. "Caving will always be unique," he notes. "Caving can never be made safe. And in the Rockies, because it's such an outdoor activity, you will always have to work hard to do it. So I'm not sure it will ever become massively popular." Still, Rollins is hoping the guidebook encourages others to take the plunge. "My hope is that more people will cave and more caves will be found. So far, only 200 caves have been discovered in a 1,000-mile stretch of mountains. There's got to be more out there."

In fact, cave exploration—as well as recreational caving—is still in its infancy in Canada. It began in earnest about 25 years ago, sparked in part by the arrival of British emigrants like Rollins, who came to Canada in 1979. Caving in Britain goes back nearly a century and is now a well-established sport, a score of universities have caving clubs. And like many things British, it's a social activity typically accompanied by the sipping of a generous pint or two. "You start at the pub, go caving and go back to the pub," is the way

Rollins recalls the drill. "There's always a big rush to get out of the caves before last orders at 11 p.m."

Although there are now active cavers in several provinces, there is no national caving organization. In part, says Rollins, this is because cavers tend to be dogged individualists suspicious of regulation and authority. "Caving is an anarchistic sport," he notes. "Cavers hate to be told what to do and there are a lot of outlaw cavers. It's an underground activity in more ways than one."

For active cavers, the Canadian Rockies present terrifying challenges. They are

shells—are formed over time as water plus carbon dioxide air away at the bedrock.

When not exiting their bodies through prent-shaped passages, or using ropes and chains to rappel down a vertical pinch, cavers may find a Rockies cave a surprisingly calm and comfortable environment.

The temperature is a constant three to five degrees Celsius, the mean annual surface temperature in the region (the thick rock a cave is contained in insulates it from surface seasonal variations). And throughout a cave system, no matter how long or deep, there is an ample supply of good air. This is because Rockies caves usually have more

in days. At such times, he says, the body and mind are lulled of all visible clues as to whether it is night or day and a new rhythm is adopted. Typically 14 hours of steady caving will be followed by 14 hours of sound sleep, a pattern that is repeated until the caver finally awakens.

In spite of the inherent risks in the sport, there has been only one caving fatality in the Canadian Rockies over the past quarter century. That occurred in 1991, when Rick Blak, an experienced caver, was crushed to death by a boulder that unexpectedly came loose as he was leaving Arcteryx Cave, near British Columbia



Caves can offer a calm and comfortable environment—even when one comes across animal bones

Mount Robson, the deepest cave in North America. Since 30 cavers from across Western Canada, Rollins among them, were recruited into a massive rescue mission that quickly turned into a recovery effort when it became clear Blak had not returned. "What goes through one's mind at such a moment?" "That it could have been you," responds Rollins, with a sad shake of his head. "That it could so easily have been you."

For Rollins, the bigger attraction of caving remains the thrill of discovery. Among other things, he has found passages in Cathedral Cave, in Banff National Park, one of the longest and grandest of all Rockies caves. There is also the physical exhilaration his experiences, especially after a

haste to some of the deepest caves in North America, many of them featuring steep vertical drops that require specialized ropes and equipment to traverse. They are also extremely old, many dating back more than a million years. Rockies caves were formed by water melting off a glacier and dissolving limestone on its way down to the water table—a process that can take hundreds of

thousand of years. Almost as slowly, calc-laden water trickling down through the cave forms pointed stalactites that hang from the ceiling at various junctions. Another striking feature, visible in stretches of Rat's Nest Cave, are scalped formations that appear along passage walls. These dish-shaped depressions known as scallops—they resemble scallop

then one entrance set at different elevations, allowing for the free flow of air inside, the silence is profound, broken only at times by the drip-drip of seeping water. The recommended uniform of the caver is as basic as it gets: gloves, coveralls, knee pads and a helmet with a chin strap to protect against low ceilings or falling rocks. The most essential item, of course, is the miner's light on the headlamp if it fails all is lost. For this reason, experienced cavers carry at all times at least two backup lights.

Most caving is done in short bursts, with participants spending less than a full day underground. But visiting precariously long caves, or exploring new ones, sometimes entails overnight stays. The longest stretch Rollins has stayed underground is

long expeditions. "When you come out of a cave after five or six days, it's really quite magical," says Rollins. "Inside, there's not much colour or scent, and you are in overalls and gloves, so your sense of touch is muted. You come out, throw off your caving gear, feel the sunlight and the wind, smell the plants. It's like being reborn and you realize that's where you belong—on the surface."

I felt a glimmer of this—or was it just relief—when we emerged from Rat's Nest Cave after about three hours underground. When we went in, it had been raining; now it was warm and sunny. I felt languorous, relaxed. A crucial difference, of course, is that Rollins can't wait until his next caving companion. Me? I'm planning to stay in the daylight. ☐



# HOMESPUN AND HIP

## Music

BY NICHOLAS JENNINGS

Oh brother, what's going on here! Bluegrass and gospel suddenly seem as hot as hip-hop and electronic. Banjos and mandolins are replacing keyboards and drum machines at the intersection du jour. And sing-along hoosieries are rising over at least a few downtown clubs across the country. Ever since the *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* sound track, and since selling by the truckload, old-time country music is everywhere, at summer festivals, on college radio, even at the neighborhood Substack. The road has nothing to do with Nashville or pop-in-the-hats with names like Garth. It's a musical

revolution of a different sort—out with the new, in with the old. Canadian guitarist Colin Linden, who contributed some vintage-country blues to *O Brother*, likens it to the role punk rock played in the 1970s. "Every decade, pretty well, the life seems to get sucked out of music until something cool comes along to revitalize it again," he says. "Right now, old-fashioned, heartfelt music is doing that."

Dolly Parton, Steve Earle and Lucinda Williams all found the ground for the current roots revival with late-'90s hit albums steeped in rich southern flavor. But with the Coen brothers' Depression-era movie, starring George Clooney as a postcard-loving escapee from a chain gang, the music has broken out like a runaway train. Six months after it was released, the sound track—featuring Alison Krauss,

Ennitylou Harris and other luminaries performing material by such early country legends as Jimmie Rodgers and The Carter Family—ascends near the top of the charts, having sold two million copies in the United States and more than 700,000 in Canada. In the same way that the *Beverly Hills Cop* film has launched successive waves of Cuban music, *O Brother* has opened the floodgates for everything from country blues and hillbilly songs to white spirituals and string-band music.

Although far from the Appalachian Mountains or the Mississippi Delta, Canada has its fair share of old-time music purveyors, many of whom are performing at festivals this summer. Along with veteran bluegrass acts like The Good Brothers of Newmarket, Ont., and Edmonton's Jewellers Ridge, the Canadian contingent includes a younger generation of artists—such as Toronto's Jerry Wherley, whose first self-titled debut CD won a Juno Award this year for best roots and traditional album, and Kingston, Ont.'s Luther Wright and the Whings, who have recorded an inspired bluegrass version of Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, of all things. Two of the brightest new acts are Toronto's The Backslabbers' Country Stringband and Vancouver's The Be Good Teyms, an all-female trio now being groomed for major stardom by Network

*The Backslabbers' Thompson (left), Parker, Hannan, Allen and Bevelight feel that, as Parker's words, the old-style material they perform is some of the most potent music ever created.*

Productions, home of superstar Sarah McLachlan. Wherley and The Backslabbers are performing at Summerfolk in Owen Sound, Ont. (Aug. 17 to 19), while Luther Wright and the Whings and The Be Good Teyms will be at the Regina Folk Festival that same weekend.

With a shared love of old clothing and even older music, the women in The Be Good Teyms came together during the summer of 1999. Their group's musical notes were forged while mandolin player Sorensen, Parton and guitarists Frazee Ford were playing tunes in B.C.'s Kootenay mountains and singing songs from the late 18th century—the sort that music critic Geoff Maclean has described as "tales of murder and suicide in which love is a dis-

Vancouverer's cut and. Their fee of \$90 was paid in used clothing. Singing songs like *The Cow Girl Band*, a spunky traditional number first made widely available on Harry Smith's influential 1952 *Anthology of American Folk Music* box set, they began developing their virtuosic harmonies and old-time repertoire of jazz, blues, gospel, folk and country. They also started writing their own songs, such as *Only in the Past* and *The Letter Book*. As heard on the group's debut album, *Blue Moon*, which sold 6,000 copies just through word of mouth, these songs have a raw, haunting quality that instantly connects up the past. Network plans to capitalize on the group's—and old-time music's—growing popularity by releasing the album this fall in Canada and the

rock that hillbilly music. While growing upon Owen Sound, a 24-hour drive north of Toronto, mandolinist Tina Parker fell under the spell of fiddle music, thanks largely to his grandfather, a player who performed at the local folk festival now known as Summerfolk. "None of us was into really loud music to start with," explains Parker, 36, who moved to Toronto after high school and met Bob Hannan, a guitarist with a passion for Country-folk-style country, as well as fiddler Tuffy Allen and accordion player Arthur Bevelight. Bruce James Thompson, meanwhile, had come out of a jazz background. "We found there was a certain power or electricity, if you will, in standing around a single microphone and singing acoustic, traditional music without having to crank up the volume," says Parker. "We could actually harmonize better that way."

The quartet began performing Sunday nights at the Cameron—a place they now affectionately call "the Opry," attracting increasingly large crowds that took to singing along with both traditional bluegrass numbers like *The Old Black Road* and such original tunes as *I Used to Love the Way You Walked (Used to Walked Out of My Life)*. The Backslabbers launched their self-titled debut CD last November, and have since staged popular three-nighters, including one featuring music from *O Brother* as well as an evening called *The Illustrated History of Country Music*, an exploration of songs spanning more than 300 years. This fall, after appearing at Summerfolk and competing at an Appalachian string-band competition in Clifton, W.Va., the Backslabbers will release their next album. For Parker and his band mates, it's all part of a quest to popularize old-time country sounds. "Some people think this stuff is crazy or weird," says Parker, "but it's some of the most potent music ever created."

"This music has the ability to move people, even though some of it was composed nearly 100 years ago," agrees 41-year-old Colin Linden, whose latest album, *Big Mouth*, includes a spine-tingling version of *After Hours Killing Floor Blues*, which he taught to mandolin-turned-singer Chris Thomas King for *O Brother*. "There's a real humanity in those songs that you just don't hear a lot of these days. That's why they've stood the test of time." ■



Parton (left), Ford and Klein of The Be Good Teyms go in for tasteful harmonies

ease and death the cure." For Parton, 29, such comparisons are infinitely more appealing than most contemporary pop. "I'm a nostalgia person," says the musician, who points to Woody Guthrie, John Steinbeck and her own Eastern European grandmothers, an eclectic mix of music and culture, as influences. "Old songs have as honesty that I find very powerful."

Parton and Ford, together with banjo player Josh Klein, landed their first gig performing outside a vintage clothing store in

United States. "We feel like we're in the right place at the right time," says Parton, fresh from a triumphant harmonica tour at the Vancouver Folk Music Festival in mid-July. "People seem to be asking for that sense of simplicity that music from another era seems to offer."

The members of Toronto's Backslabbers have also been drawn to the purity of early country sounds. The group formed in 1997 at Toronto's The Cameron Public House, a club better known for alternative

# FURIOUS GEORGE

Films

BY SHANNA DEZIEL

**P**lanet of the Apes is the last hope for the season of summer blockbusters. *Pred*, *Halloween* and *A.I.* didn't cut it as quickly, and whether or not *Jurassic Park III*'s very good as evidence—two go-rounds with computer-generated prehistoric creatures was enough. So it's a great relief that Tim Burton's *Planet of the Apes* is worth watching. While it's unlikely to become a cult classic like its 1968 predecessor, which spawned best sequels and numerous pop-culture references, the new film does provide close to two hours of knockout visuals and a bit of original storytelling.

The year is 2029, and our hero, Cage, Leo Davidson (Mark Wahlberg), is stationed on an interplanetary craft somewhere in the cosmos, training a monkey for test flights to new planets. This space cowboy would much rather be exploring other worlds him-

Warren plays opposite Wahlberg (above, with Reech in the ape suit) in a very feature packed with knockout visuals



self, and when his monkey's pod goes low in another planet's electromagnetic field, Leo disobeys orders and blows off. He ignores parsing words. "Never send a monkey to do a man's job."

Leo crashes into the jungle of an unfamiliar planet, right in the middle of human-burning season. Along with his new-found human allies—including a father-and-daughter team played by Kris Kristofferson and Canadian-synthesized environmental-appeal model Emma Warren—he is attacked by apes. In this terrifying sequence, adults are mangled and wrenched into cages, and children are snatched up by what seem like direct descendants of *The Wizard of Oz*'s flying monkeys.

Back in space city, a Gothic Burtonesque locale, the scientists will sell their captives as slaves or pets. The evolved apes are appalled by the greed and appearance of humans, and are scared of their

preordained nature. Much more so than in the original movie, this reverse of the usual man-monkey relationship prompts the characters to comment on social issues including sexual rights, immigration, segregation, evolutionary science and the inherent cruelty of man—and beast. The crucifix of it all is Thade, a champagne and vicious army commander played by Tim Roth. Although he can talk, Thade is more effectively frightening when he roars, roars, and growls. Michael Clarke Duncan (*The Green Mile*) is Apsa, a deeply religious gorilla and Thade's right-hand thing. Duncan fills out the ape suit rapidly and possesses a fierce battle cry, but his deep voice is too distracting—it's hard not to picture the larger-than-life actor under the hairy costume.

Add a fancy but and haughty accent to Ari, the dweepest played by Helena Bonham Carter, and she could almost pass as one of the upper-class British ladies Carter is famous for portraying. The daughter of a powerful senator, Ari is a sophisticated, politically aware human-rights activist who senses, heretically, that humans have a soul. For all her book smarts and her bleeding heart, Ari can hang with the bear of her breed, swooping from branches and leaping into the air when apes are required to obstruct her opinions. All this and she's a film, too.

**Planet of the Apes will be the season's most memorable blockbuster, but the quirky, poignant *Ghost World* is much more satisfying fare**

An is romantically unattached and may be open to the possibility of interspecies love. She helps Leo and friends escape on the forbidden zone, which holds Leo's spaceship and the secret of how apes came to rule the planet—a different and arguably better explanation than the one given in the first film. Thade goes bananas trying to protect the secret, waging an all-out war against the humans. And then comes the auspicious ending.

Since beginning production, Burton insisted that his ending (the script was written by William Broyles Jr., Lawrence Konner and Mark Rosenthal) would be different from the original film—and in fact, his is closer to the conclusion of Pierre Boulle's 1963 novel, upon which both movies are based. But it doesn't easily make sense, and the director has hired a sequel will clear things up.

As for the pivotal character, Wahlberg's Leo is a sensitive misanthrope who possesses none of the cynicism and over-the-top arrogance of Charlton Heston's Taylor from the 1968 version. Wahlberg is confident and commanding in the role, but for some reason the filmmakers neglected to capitalize on his great asset—his size. In a film where a leech-like is completely ju-

stifiable, and which has Warren biting a lot of highly rated flesh, the former underwear model wears a space suit the entire time. This planet, like ours, does not appear to be a place of equal-opportunity exploitation.

**A**lthough *Planet* will be the season's most memorable blockbuster, the modest independent feature *Ghost World* is much more satisfying. Based on a comic book, this is the hilariously hypocritical tale of two disillusioned oddball teenage girls in Los Angeles who have just finished high school. Enid (Thane Brech) and Rebecca (Scarlett Johansson) are the class outcasts—by choice. They are the only ones who understand the absurdity of secondary education, embodied in their Drunkin' Donuts-sponsored graduation. And at the year-end party, they ignore any classmates who try to engage them, uttering their witicism at the cheesy lounge-type band singing "Where Is the Love?"

On an average day, Rebecca and Enid wander the city aimlessly, and at times stalling, any friends they find a guy with a tank-top and tin tie and realize how they hang around the convenience store, an old man waiting for a bus that never comes, a couple Enid thinks are Socrates and Seymour, a middle-aged geek on whom the girls play in awful practical joke.

Reech, who played Kevin Spacey's innocent daughter in *American Beauty*, and Johansson, the traumatized girl of *The Horse Whisperer*, both convey the right mix of adolescent cynicism and self-consciousness. Their characters start to grow apart when Rebecca wants to get a job and an apartment and move away from all the weirdos. Meanwhile, Enid begins hanging out with Seymour (Steve Buscemi), explaining to a confused Rebecca: "He's the exact opposite of everything I hate. He's such a dick, he's almost cool." Enid admits that she herself is probably a weirdo, too.

It's fascinating how uncanny Enid and Seymour's friendship and growing sexual attraction seem. While in past roles Buscemi has perfected a greasy, lecherous persona, as Seymour he's completely unthreatening, genuine and, yes, cool in his



Johansson (left) and Brech play the grand class outcasts

dodgy obsession with 78-rpm country-blues recordings.

The film was directed by Terry Zwigoff, who made *Grossart*, the schizoid documentary about iconoclast cartoonist Robert Crumb and his spectacularly dysfunctional family. In both films Zwigoff shows empathy for outsiders. With *Planet of the Apes*, Burton broadens his scope, turning the alien human into a persecuted outsider by keeping things small scale, turning a couple of pencil-drawn misfits into funny, engaging characters. *Ghost World* achieves a poignancy that Burton has left behind. **B**





Ann Dowsett Johnston

## The boy can't sleep

**T**he boy can't sleep. He can't sleep because he didn't get the girl. Or rather he got the girl, but he lost her. And now he can't sleep. No, can you because she wants to talk. You try to take it seriously. You try to remember what this felt like. You know you were through this very same thing, at the very same age. But that was so long ago. The summer of 1969, to be exact. The same summer that rain first walked on the moon—an event you barely noticed, an event eclipsed by a boy with blond hair and an acoustic guitar, and a trip to Paris.

You try not to say what you're thinking, which is, thank goodness, you're too young to find "the right girl." You'd find someone better. Smarter. Less selfish. More musical. Take your time. This you want to say, but you can't.

So instead, you make popcorn. Seating by the stove, together, in the middle of the night.

His tall frame looms close beside yours. Waiting for the first kernel to hiss and sizzle and pop. And as the two of you stand, waiting for the action to start, he brings into you—a seemingly nonchalant little hip check.

Which is a good sign. That, you've come to understand, is what boys do after they stop hugging and kissing their mothers. A hip check, a knock on the shoulder, a little flick on the wrist. You've learned to decipher these casual little moves, along with the adolescent gestures—the code of a teenage male reargum.

And that you've also learned: the last thing a teenage male teenager wants is to be grilled by his mother. Yes, you would love to know the details of the evening, how it all unfolded, how it led to this middle-of-the-night session at the stove. But you wait. You nip your hip, and wait for her to talk. Because, as we all know, mothers of 16-year-old boys know nothing. Especially about dating. Unless they're asked.

Which asks to say that the boy has his faith in you. On the contrary. That's why the two of you are up, in the middle of the night, making popcorn. He has faith that you will listen. But at a dance, and this time his listening.

For years, you led and he followed. As far as he was concerned, while could be anything. For starters, they had the power to negotiate with the Easter bunny, a creature he believed had no business being in his bedroom. He wanted you to arrange a front-door drop-off for chocolate. And when he watched Joe's Theatricals hip-hop like a matchstick on the

football field, he sat in front of the TV, unfazed in his feisty yellow slippers. "Don't worry," he said, as the doctor roared to Theatricals side. "That man will lose him better!"

But overtime, his faith in adult magic began to wane. Once, on a vacation by the sea, you stayed up into the night, spray-painting seashells with gold paint. You soaked paper in tea and burned the corners with matches, making secret message strips that would lead to the loot, which you buried on the beach before bedtime. For years, that "pinner's gold" from Prince Edward Island was logged in school for show-and-tell. Years later, when he discovered the true story, he was embarrassed. Unwittingly, you had made him look like a fool.

So tonight, as you mind over the ever-expanding pot of popcorn, you listen as he begins to tell the story of the girl, and what happened.

You listen carefully, your antennae keen for details. Most of all, you listen for evidence that the night he played him for the fool.

And all the while, you keep your eyes trained on the pot in front of you. If you look him in the eyes, you know the story will stop. Teenage boys retreat easily; you can't approach them head-on.

You are beginning to wonder what it will feel like when he moves away, when he marries. For the

past several months, you've earned a poem in your pocket, a dog-eared clipping of *Mother's Life Given* by Seamus Heaney. Which, of course, is silly because he doesn't even have a driver's license. But when it comes to this boy, you don't like surprises.

So you pour the popcorn into the bowl, and he adds the butter—no much for your liking, but you say nothing because right at that moment he has begun to tell you that, actually, there is another girl. One he thinks he likes even better. And she likes him, too. And he wants to know: do you think he should ask her for coffee or a movie on the first date? For the first time, you allow yourself to look him in the eyes and smile.

Tomorrow, once again, you will be invisible: the mother standing or the doctor, telling him not to forget his sunscreen, to remember to call if he's going to be late. And he will rush down the walk, nodding, not hearing a word you have said. But tonight, the two of you are standing in the kitchen, eating popcorn after midnight because he can't sleep. And for as you because, right now, he wants to talk.



## Entertainment Notes

### HIP-HOP WITH A NORTHERN TWIST

Canadian hip-hop keeps gaining momentum to strength. First came *Northern Neck*, the infectious national rap anthem by Vancouver's Rasco. Then, Montreal's French-rapping Dubmystique surprised everyone with a powerful debut album that went platinum in Quebec alone with sales of 100,000 copies. Meanwhile, major label signings of rappers Choclait, Karth Offshore and Thrust have further strengthened the large hip-hop community in Toronto, which proudly raps about the "T-dot sound." According to Karth Offshore, now an star in the United States with Jamaican dancehall star Mighty Chams, Canadian hip-hop is gaining respect worldwide because it isn't pretending to come from New York City or Los Angeles. "You've got to bring something new to the game, otherwise people will just go to the original source," says the rapper, whose borough single *McLeod Sleng* was nominated for best song at Canada's third annual Urban Music Awards, taking place on



Rapper Karth gives voice to the "T-dot sound."

Aug. 1 in Toronto. Also nominated are Toronto's Baby Blue Soundcrew and DJ Mastermind, Montreal's Burn Babes and Halifax rapper Classified. Karth (a he is a familiarly known—his real name is Jeth Harnov), who brewed hard-core rock fans when he opened for Godsmack and Eosofore Cash on this year's Muchland tour, adds: "We're trying to create our own path and bring new stuff to the table."

Nicholas Jennings

### MIDDERN-DAY MEDICI

Vancouver's talented accountant Alan Brynner may not know much about art, but when it comes to numbers, he knows what he likes. Fifteen months ago, he made a proposition to up-and-coming local artist Irvine Harrison and David Macdonald. He would pay the couple salaries and expenses while they painted a life's work for an exhibition. He'd recoup expenses from art sales, and split any profit with them.

This week, Brynner's showmen if his \$100,000 promise just off. Until Aug. 16, an exhibition at Vancouver's Pendulum Gallery will showcase the artists'

Industrial landscapes—scenes of power plants or sulphur tanks, painted with vivid, earthy reds. Macdonald, 30, calls Brynner "our punker angel," a modest version of Florence's Medici family, patron of such Renaissance giants as Leonardo da Vinci. He says the money gave him and Harrison, 38, freedom, but

also provided a "good life of pressure" to reward Brynner's faith in them. The accountant, in turn, is pleased with the work, and expects his investment to pay off. "My object was to get the table for them and to give them all the tools that they needed to be successful." But, Brynner concedes, "the final judge is the consumer."

Irvine Harrison backed by guardian angel Brynner



## The power of the word

Anyone who has encountered a teenage Scrabble opponent who seemed a little too competitive should have a look at Stefan Fritts's *Word Frost* (Thomas Allen). Beneath the surface of a game played casually around the world—100 million Scrabble sets have been sold since 1948—Fritts finds in comic anecdotes of professional players. Along with the oddball egomaniacs who play such words as *fartian* (a fabric) and then just appear for no reason for failing to turn it into *snarfian* (a type of drink), the author also discusses the insights the game yields into linguistics, mathematics and psychology. Fritts himself soon falls prey to Scrabble's lure, and comes to suspect that he has what it takes to enter the expert ranks. "Whether's that clear," he muses, "is what's not a good thing or not."



### Real Sales

#### Fiction

	Actual sales	Percent of total
1. THE FUGITIVE (Doubt) (July 1994)	1	1
2. ALIBI BY MICHAEL CONNELLEY (Doubt) (July 1994)	2	2
3. PLEASANT PAINS, Joe Hill (July 1994)	3	3
4. THE STONE CARAMELS, Joe Hill (July 1994)	4	4
5. AMERICAN BOYS, Neil Simon (July 1994)	5	5
6. HOW TO BE GOOD, Joe Hill (July 1994)	6	6
7. DEATH IN THE HOUSE, Joe Hill (July 1994)	7	7
8. HOW TO BE GOOD, Joe Hill (July 1994)	8	8
9. HOW TO BE GOOD, Joe Hill (July 1994)	9	9
10. HOW TO BE GOOD, Joe Hill (July 1994)	10	10

#### Nonfiction

	Actual sales	Percent of total
1. THE FUGITIVE (Doubt) (July 1994)	1	1
2. THE FUGITIVE (Doubt) (July 1994)	2	2
3. THE FUGITIVE (Doubt) (July 1994)	3	3
4. THE FUGITIVE (Doubt) (July 1994)	4	4
5. THE FUGITIVE (Doubt) (July 1994)	5	5
6. THE FUGITIVE (Doubt) (July 1994)	6	6
7. THE FUGITIVE (Doubt) (July 1994)	7	7
8. THE FUGITIVE (Doubt) (July 1994)	8	8
9. THE FUGITIVE (Doubt) (July 1994)	9	9
10. THE FUGITIVE (Doubt) (July 1994)	10	10

1. Works on list  
Compiled by Steve Kellner



Allan Fotheringham

## Of goofs, glaciers, etc.

It is the dear dead days of summer, when nothing happens and nothing should. Children are sent to camp, where in towns after dark they are informed by the older boys how babies are made. Dad, on the porch before sundown, a told that two girls are enough before the barbecue is fired up. Even news editors fill ads, desperately trying to fill front pages with something significant, which ends up being who has left who in Hollywood and which Beale is near death.

Into the vacuum comes the annual mock-eating, a serious analysis of the state of the nation, the nation in question now being the third-best land on the globe in which to live, behind Norway and Some-

body. The only man in the country who can't speak either of the two official languages has to find a new speech topic.

**ATLANTIC CANADA:** A region slow to anger, tolerant of all. As low man on the totem pole, it has grown accustomed to abuse. There is, however, something called pride. The premier of all Upper Canada, a man famous for his tea set, has managed without issue to insult all three folk by comparing them to welfare bums who won the lottery and still want their cheques from Ontario. This insensitivity, familiar from the Mike Harris who tried to stiff the Ontario Quinquets, has finally reached the Maritime shores. Ignoring him, left a note, Minister, observe with amusement Brian Tobin's desperate summer attempt to learn French so as to position himself for 24 Sussex Drive. Forget it. The bilingual Frank McKenna of New Brunswick will be the next Liberal leader.

**QUEBEC:** Benoit Landry, a pale imitation of René Lévesque, has confessed on a tour of Belgium that he is a great Canadian and separates it far from his mind. As he should, since he will never recover from his 'red rag' goof. The death of Mercedes has just brought forward once again fond memories of his delicious mocking of the xenophobic autism of the hard-core separatists. Nothing can survive there.

**ONTARIO:** Not a good year for Toronto, centre of the universe. Monomouth Mel, he of the carnival pose, of course helped his city's Olympic bid gather a lot of *Affairs* and Third World votes. The town revealed in gaping innocence in actually thinking it had a chance against China, which was jotted last time by two beaked vultures. Toronto Star will take some time to recover its reputation after its juvenile, cheerleading bolous-



about a bid that was the impossible dream. And Miloy, supposedly a national figure by heading the richest, largest province, proves with his 'welfare' idea that his Peter Principle level was as a golf instructor.

**MANITOBA:** No one pays any attention to Manitoba, with good reason. Manitoba doesn't care about that, with good reason. An ecologic boffin has just revealed that the green house-warming threat will melt the glaciers in the Rockies, thus drying up the rivers flowing from there to Hudson Bay, and Lake Winnipeg will be reduced to buffalo grass. Manitobans, startled to excitement, went back to sleep.

**SASKATCHEWAN:** Saskatchewan has just released figures showing the province has the highest crime rate in the land. The house of secrets under the Rev. Tommy Douglas does not like to adjust the figures or due to the inability of addressing the problems of the aboriginal population governing to the cities of Regina and Saskatoon. And Canada tried to lecture South Africa on how to conduct its affairs.

**ALBERTA:** While trying to shake the shame of having produced Snoddy Day this riding is now in B.C., after all, the province up the Kyoto accord, approved by Ottawa, will rain its energy cash cow. Even worse, this reminds the oilpatch of the hated National Energy Policy, devised by a bright young anti-dirty-socialist named Ted Clark in the office of Energy Minister Marc Lalonde. 'Red Ed' was hung in effigy at the Petroleum Club every lunch over the eye-and-eggies. Ted Clark, as we speak, has been revealed as Calgary as a raging capitalist on Bay Street, No. 2 in the hierarchy of the Toronto-Dominion Bank and the heir-apparent to replace within a year or so chairman Charlie Bilbie, he of the yellow stock.

**BRITISH COLUMBIA:** There is nothing more dangerous than an insecure man trying to prove that he is tough (see Joe Clark). That the major weakness of inept Premier Gordon Campbell, too nervous to back down from a dumb campaign pledge, that being to hold a provincial referendum on Indian land claims. It is no doubt in Day's election campaign promise of having national referendums, once enounced at Sumner Drive, on abortion and the death penalty and, possibly, jaywalking. The naive people say they will block every highway in the province. They will. He will learn. He will back down. Such is life. In summertime.

\*Nothing hanging from the mirror.

No dogs with bobbing heads on the rear window shelf.

No bumper stickers promoting the latest cause.

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